KEW FOREST SCHOOL
AD SUMMAM
MCMXVIII

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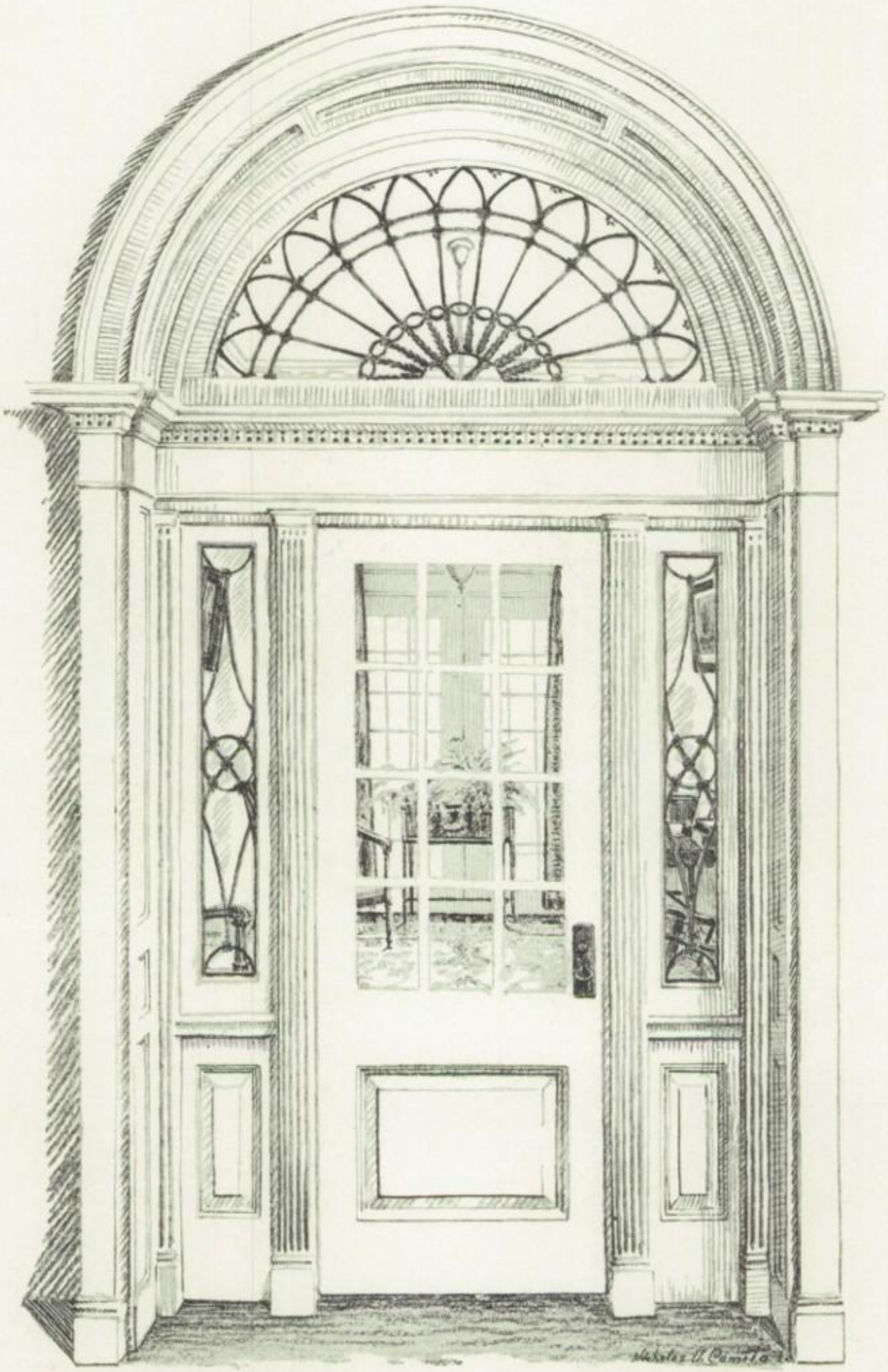
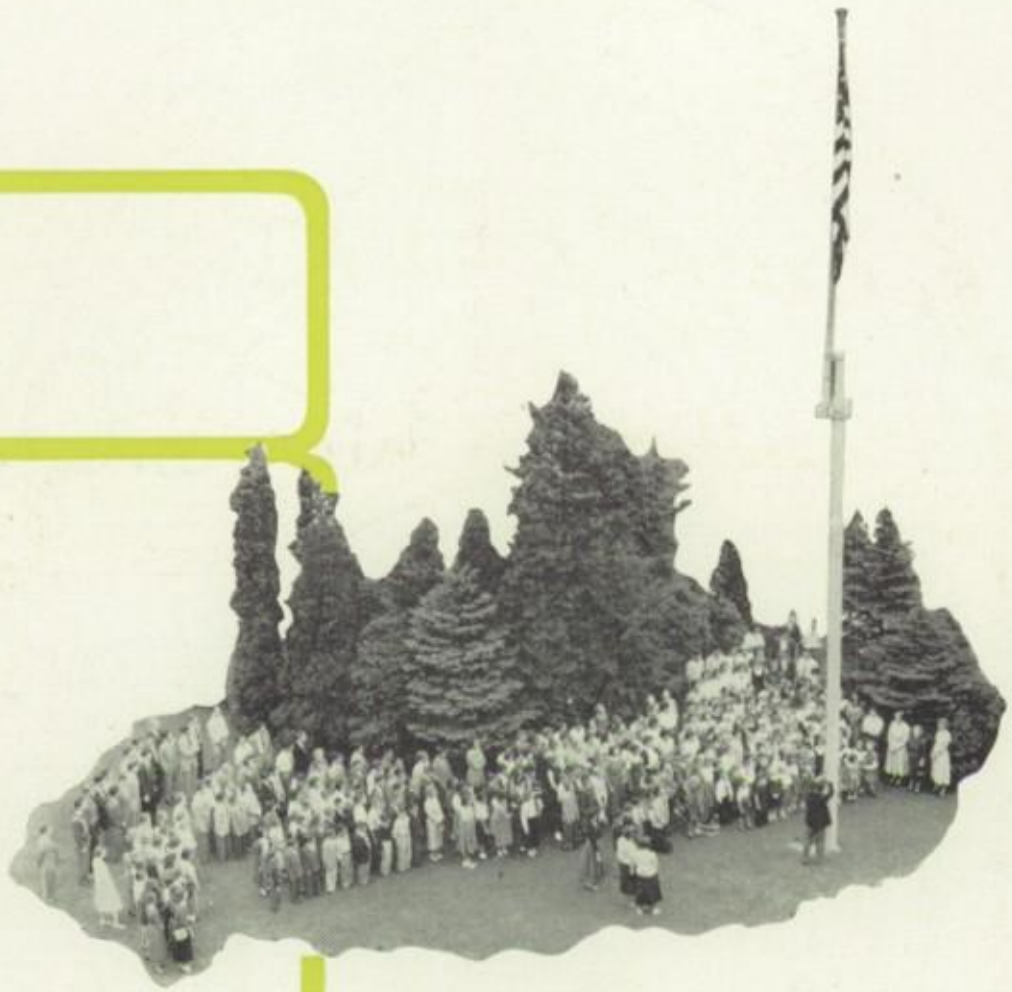
52

LOTTER

Lynn M. Oldham

1952 BLOTTER





LOTTER

1952

Published by the
KEW-FOREST SCHOOL
FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK
VOLUME THIRTY-ONE — MAY, 1952

FOREWORD

"All the World's a Stage"

"All the world's a stage"—
And we, its coming players,
Are a strong, a hardy troupe
Who have studied long our parts
With the Wise Ones, the Directors.
Undismayed by shadows ominous,
We are coming straight and singing
With a will and joy infectious.
Be glad of us, you Seasoned Players,
For we come to you still laughing
Bearing vivid priceless gifts.

DEDICATION

Homer Cleary

IN grateful recognition of his unselfish devotion both as a playwright and director, and the enthusiasm he has revived in dramatics at Kew-Forest School during the last three years, this issue of *The Blotter* is affectionately dedicated to

MR. HOMER J. CLEARY,

inspiring teacher and unfailing friend.

JAMES L. DIXON, A.M., ED.D.
Rutgers
Headmaster

With every good wish
to Hyun ;—
James L. Dixon

To the Pupils of Kew-Forest School:

Before a plausive crowd the yen
To act the better part is keen.
But when remote is praise or blame
Unworthy roles oft rule the scene.

No byplay, covert deed or word,
Can in life's drama be concealed,
And when one thinks himself off-stage
His character is well revealed.

Your best—that self you want to be—
Should pen the script for mankind's page.
At all times good the part you play
Must be when all the world's a stage.

James L. Dixon

and Faculty

LUCY ALLEN SMART (Mrs.)
A.B., A.M.

Ohio State University

Dean and Librarian

With best wishes to Lynn, Lucy Allen Smart

Trustees of Kew-Forest School

Seated—Charles D. Prutzman; Edmund W. Fitzgerald; Dr. Marlo P. Bates, Treasurer; Arthur H. Wheaton, Vice-President and Counsel; Hon. Nicholas M. Pette, President; Theodore Newhouse, Secretary; Sidney M. Berman; Marshall A. Nelsen. *Standing*—Elmer M. Burden; Harold E. Brown; Robert C. Knecht; George Beyer, Jr.; Dr. James L. Dixon, Headmaster; Edward F. Coffey; G. Piers Brookfield; Jerome F. Glasser; Benjamin W. Streifler. *Not present*—Henry H. Hart; Charles A. Hersey; Gandolfo Schimenti; Julius Stulman.

with every good wish
To Lynn,
Enid Templeton Doyle

ENID T. DOYLE (Miss)
A.B. Smith College
Art

HAZEL B. ROBISON (Mrs.)
A.B. Pembroke College
A.M. New York University
English

Eleanor Pitts

Mary Margaret Barlow

ELEANOR S. PITTS (Miss)
A.B. Mt. Holyoke College
A.M. Columbia University
Social Sciences

MARY MARGARET BARLOW (Mrs.)
A.B. University of Washington
Intermediate English

Helen L. Ogden

LOUISE V. SMITH (Mrs.)
B.S. Northwestern University
Science, Mathematics and Remedial Reading

HELEN L. OGDEN (Mrs.)
A.B. St. Lawrence University
Science and Mathematics

Doris E. Sonner

CHARLES W. DELAHUNT
Physical Education

DORIS E. SONNER (Miss)
A.B. University of Michigan
A.M. Columbia University
Physical and Health Education

Glenna Weiss

Homer Cleary

GLENNA M. WEISS (Mrs.)
B.S. Columbia University
Kindergarten

HOMER J. CLEARY
A.B. Dartmouth College
A.M. Western Reserve University
Sorbonne, Paris, Cours de civilisation française
Universidad Nacional de Mexico, Escuela de Verano
French and Spanish

Best wishes to Lynn
Margery Mitchell

MARGERY S. MITCHELL (Mrs.)
A.B. Wellesley College
A.M. Columbia University
English and Social Sciences

GRACE B. ZIMMERMANN (Mrs.)
A.B. Barnard College
A.M. Columbia University
Latin

Best wishes, Lynn,
Grace Zimmermann

CAROLINE FEUDALE (Miss)
A.B. Hunter College
Primary Two and Three

WALTER J. NELSON
A.B. Middlebury College
Assistant in Social Studies and Physical Education

Caroline Feudale

BABETTE P. HARPER (Miss)
A.B. St. Joseph's College
A.M. New York University
Intermediate Mathematics and Science

MARIA J. SOTTOSANTI (Miss)
A.B. Marymount College
Primary One

Best wishes to Lynn –
Babette Harper

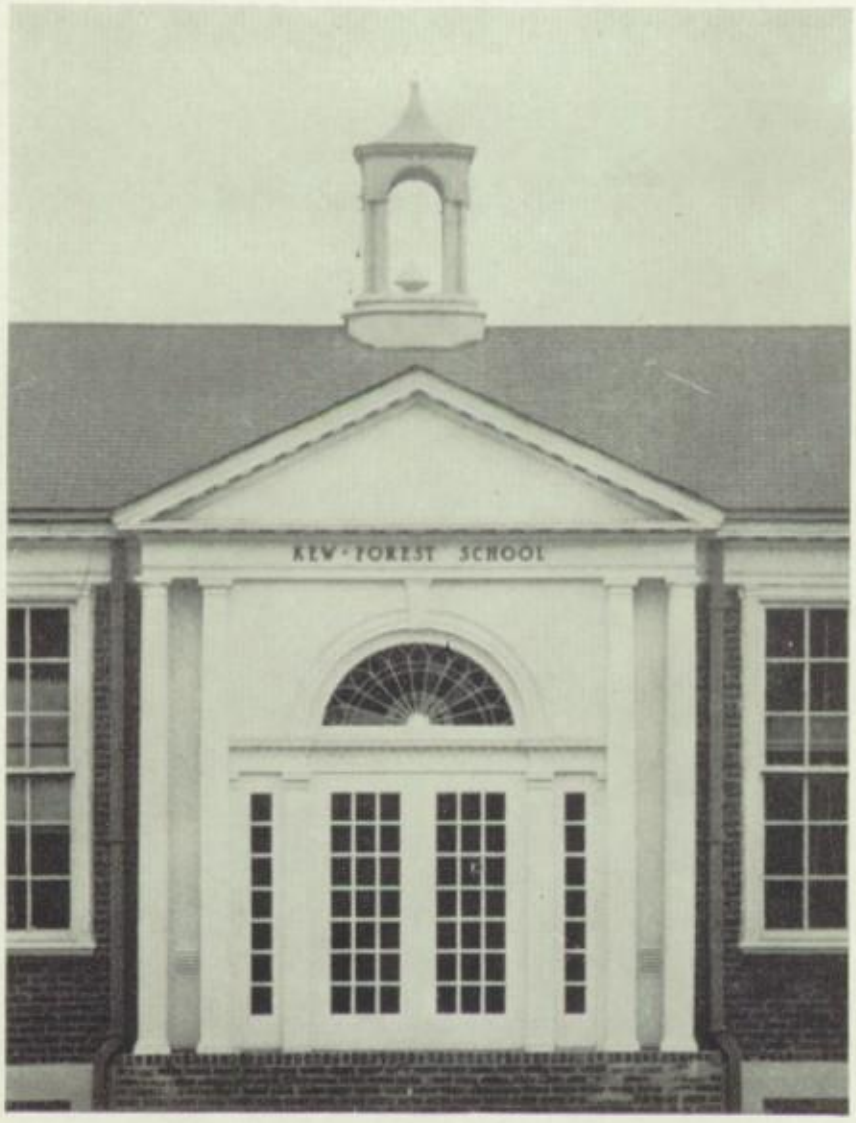
CHARLES D. WALKER
B.S. Trinity College
A.M. Harvard University
F.A.G.O.
Music

JOAN M. SAN GREGORIO (Miss)
Assistant in Primary Grades

VIRGINIA F. MARTIN (Mrs.)
Secretary

LILLIAN R. RICCA (Mrs.)
B.S. Adelphi College
Secretary

A Symbol of the Future



THE current school year has witnessed an attractive alteration to the east wing of the school building. The loggia or portico adjacent to the reception room has been enclosed so as to provide additional space. The improvement relieves the congested office area and provides a new office for the headmaster.

The alteration, which at first glance appeared to be simple, required careful planning and a large amount of detailed precision work in construction. The enclosed space was a remnant of the main entrance which was cut off at the time of the construction of Grand Central Parkway in the early thirties. The Georgian design of this portion of the building long has been regarded as a unique distinctive feature. The alteration, designed by Mr. G. Piers Brookfield, architect and member of the board of trustees, was carefully planned so as to preserve the design. Authorization for the improvement was given late in the summer of 1951 by the board of trustees after several months of study by its committee on planning and improvement.

Mr. Jerome F. Glasser, chairman of the committee, and Mr. Gandolfo Schimenti, together with Mr. Brookfield, played important parts in formulating and carrying out the project.

This improvement, together with many other changes in recent years, particularly in respect to new equipment, have given rise to hopeful qustions, such as, "Will there be a new gymnasium or new auditorium soon?" The answer to such a question depends on the growth of the building fund.

While most of the Kew-Forest family is aware that the school is a non-profit institution, not all are aware of the implications of this fact. Tuitions and incidental fees are devoted to the maintenance and operation of the school. Construction of new units requiring large capital outlay must be provided by special building funds raised for the purpose. The Kew-Forest School Association, *The Blotter,* a number of generous parents, a graduating class and some alumni have made forward steps in this direction; and the aggregate of sums collected or contributed for building fund purposes is growing steadily. But there must be a marked increase in the momentum of the building fund movement if the "dream" buildings of the future are to be realized soon.

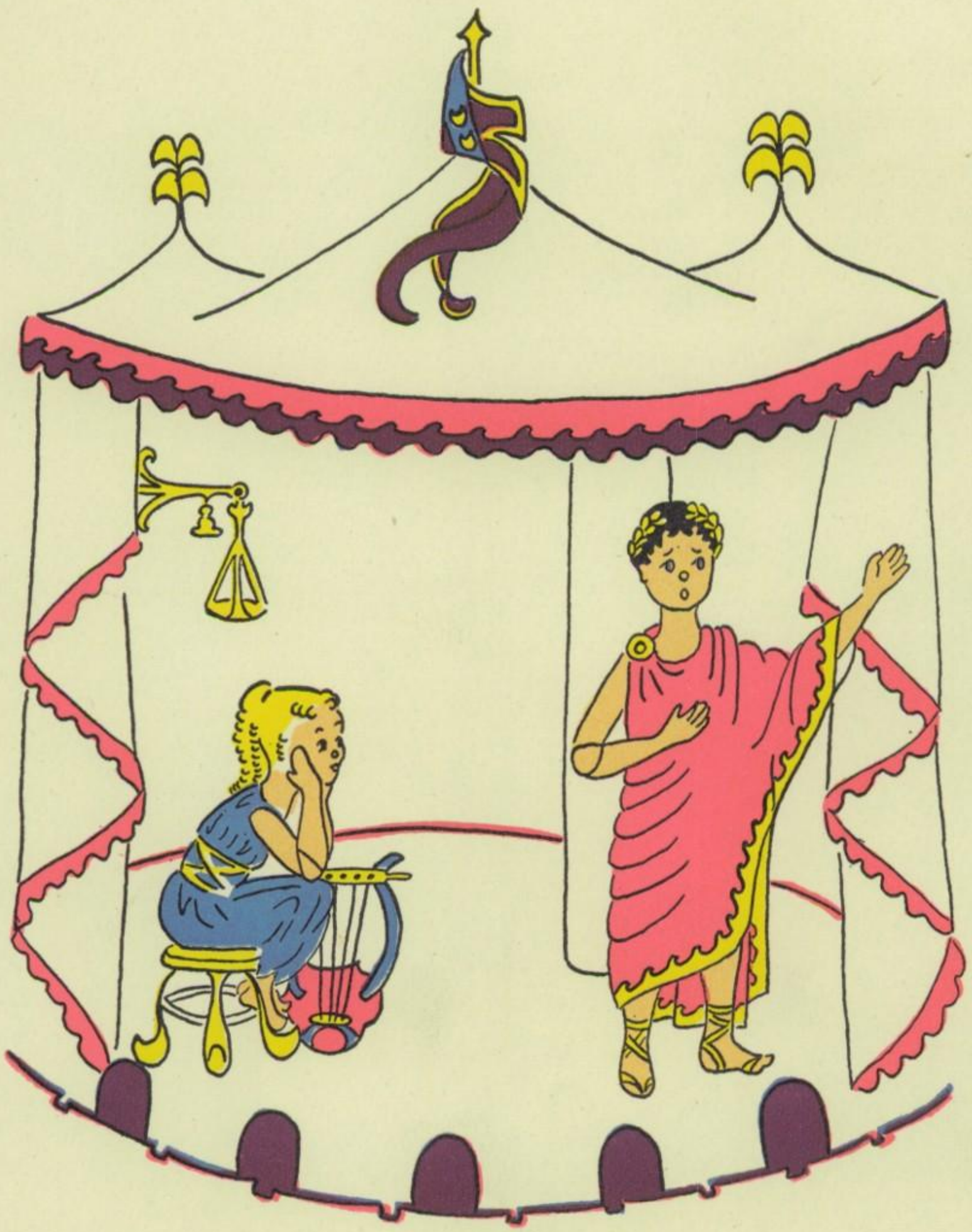
Classes

These are the actors in our skit,

A bonny troupe with brains and wit.

A youthful ardor in them burns

To learn to live and live to learn.



Dear Lynn,
I certainly wish you the best of everything at K.F. From the way you got all those honors at the Banquet I know you'll do well - even if it is to the Blue Jean. Good luck.
Yours
Nancy

NANCY ISABEL ALLAN

"Innocent, sincere—of every friendless name the friend."

1951-52: Student Council Judicial Committee; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; President Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Squad; Varsity Basketball Team; Baby Sitters.

1950-51: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Softball Team; Baby Sitters; Camera Club.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club.

1948-49: Philanthropy Committee; Girls Glee Club.

1947-48: Philanthropy Committee; Girls Glee Club.

WILLIAM HOWARD BARNES

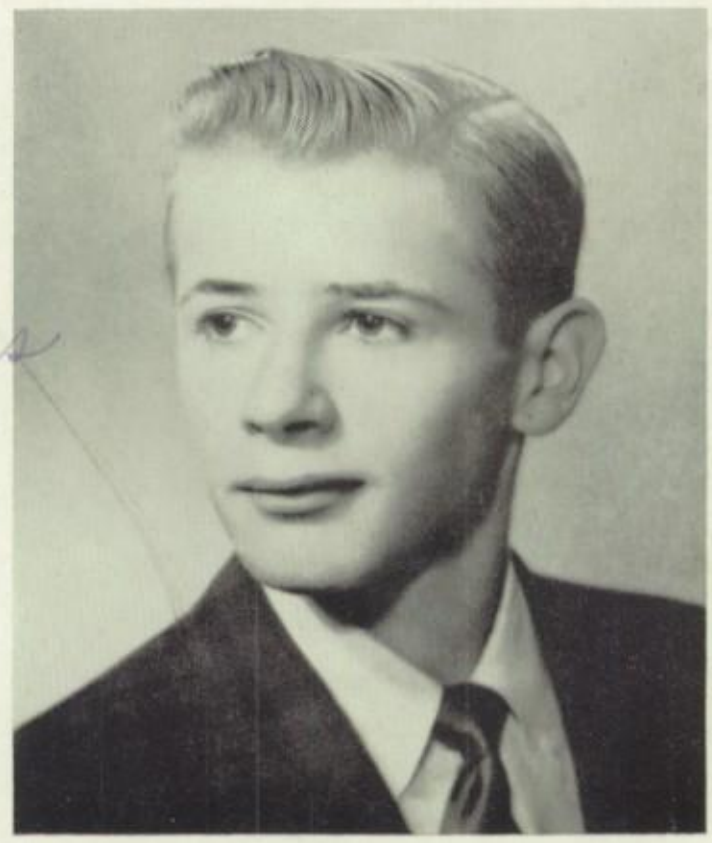
"Billy"

"Why then, the world's my oyster which I with sword will open."

1951-52: Student Council; Vice-President Senior Class; Treasurer B. A. A.; Boys Glee Club; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1950-51: Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

Dear Lynn:
May your future years at K.F. be full of the best of everything.
- Bill



MARION RITA BOLTE

"Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves."

1951-52: Girls Glee Club; Tri-Lingual Club.
1950-51: Girls Glee Club; Tri-Lingual Club.
1949-50: Girls Glee Club; Classical Club.
1948-49: Girls Glee Club; Classical Club.

EDWARD FRANCIS COFFEY, JR.

"Eddie"

"The light that lies in women's eyes has been my heart's undoing."

1951-52: Student Council; Vice-President Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Traffic Squad; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Student Activities Committee.

1949-50: Dramatic Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Student Activities Committee; Classical Club.

1948-49: Studio Club; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team; Classical Club.

Gail Susan Gifford

"Oh wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful."

1951-52: Student Council; Secretary G.A.A.; Secretary and Treasurer Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Manager Blue Team; Student Activities Committee; President Projector Club; Platter Purveyors; Song Leader; Blue Team.

1950-51: Student Council; G.A.A. Council; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Captain Blue Team; Platter Purveyors; Student Activities Committee; Projector Club.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club; Captain Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Cheerleader Blue Team; Projector Club.

1948-49: Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member of Long Island Field Hockey Association.

Susan Jane Gross

"Sue"

"To know her is to love her."

1951-52: Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Secretary Projector Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Girls Glee Club; Projector Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1949-50: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Projector Club.

1948-49: Girls Glee Club.

William John Hagan

"Bill"

"I never think of the future. It comes soon enough."

1951-52: Studio Club.

1950-51: Treasurer Junior Class; Varsity Soccer.

Jenny Hofman

"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."

1951-52: Student Council; Chairman Philanthropy Committee; Tri-Lingual Club; Captain Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Girls Glee Club; Manager Varsity Basketball Team; Baby Sitters.

1950-51: G. A. A. Representative; Philanthropy Committee; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Baby Sitters.

1949-50: Student Council; Secretary Sophomore Class; Philanthropy Committee; Girls Glee Club.

NORMAN SQUIRES HUBBARD

"The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."

1950-51: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Tri-Lingual Club.

1949-50: Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1948-49: Softball Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

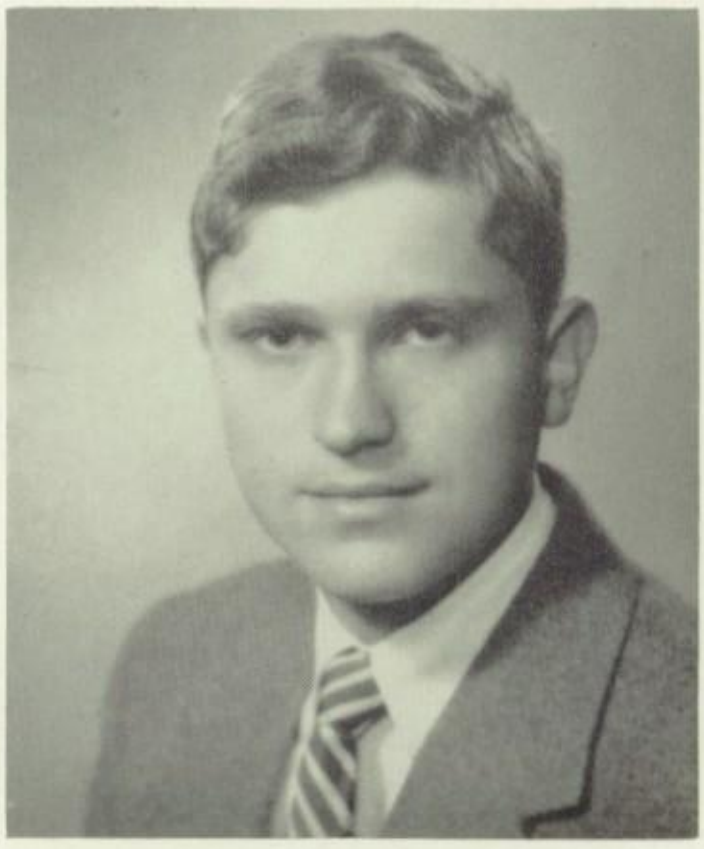
STANLEY EDWARD ISRAEL

"Stan"

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

1951-52: Vice-President Student Council; Treasurer Senior Class; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Traffic Squad; Vice-President Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Tri-Lingual Club.



DORIS KAISER

"I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so."

1951-52: Student Council; Assistant Editor *Blotter;* Co-Captain Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Dramatics Club.

1950-51: Assistant Editor *Blotter;* Secretary Junior Class; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Manager Hockey Team; Student Activities Committee.

KATHERINE HARRISON KINDRED

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

1951-52: President Student Council; President G. A. A.; *Blotter* Board; Debating Team; Girls Glee Club; Captain Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Platter Purveyors; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Secretary Student Council; G. A. A. Council; Debating Team; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Captain Varsity Lacrosse Team; Long Island School Girl Hockey Team; Captain Red Team; Tri-Lingual Club.

1949-50: Student Council; Girls Glee Club, Varsity Hockey Team; Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Captain Red Team.

1948-49: Student Council; President Freshman Class; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Long Island School Girl Hockey Team; High School Girl Lacrosse Team.

Peter Richard Kray

"My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world."

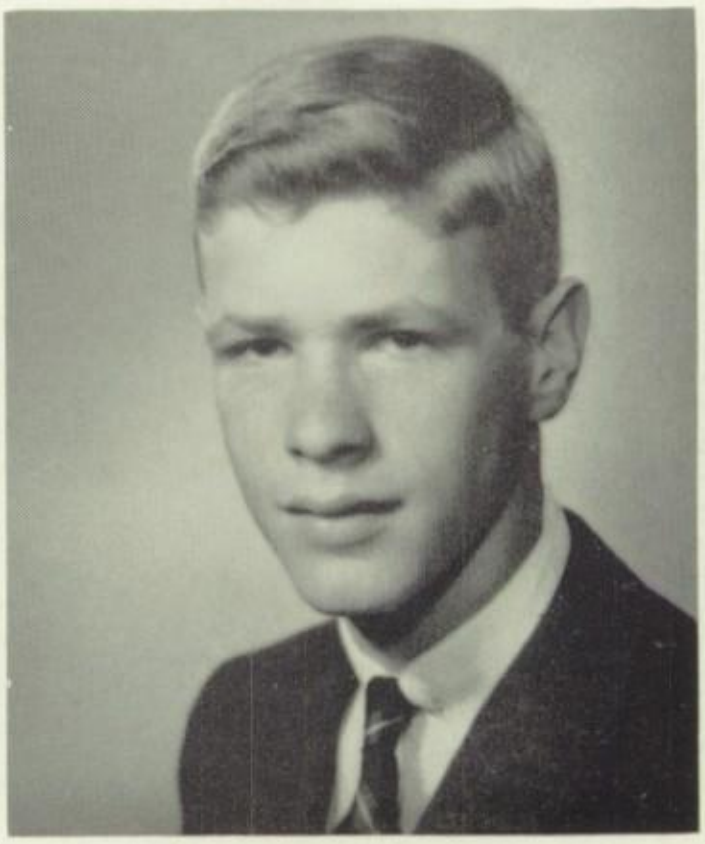
1951-52: Student Council; Philanthropy Committee; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Student Activities Committee; Traffic Squad; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Junior Varsity Soccer Team.

1949-50: Student Council; President Sophomore Class; Dramatics Club; Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Projector Club.

1948-49: Student Council; Vice-President Freshman Class; Studio Club; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1947-48: Tennis Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team.



Theodore Donald Lutz

"Don"

"Life is a jest and all things show it.
I thought so once but now I know it."

1951-52: Student Council; President B. A. A.; Boys Glee Club; Captain Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; All N. Y. C. Private School Soccer Team; Traffic Squad; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1949-50: Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1948-49: Studio Club; Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1947-48: Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

MARLENE VALERIE MEYERSON

"A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power."

1951-52: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club.

1950-51: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club.

SALLY BRUCE MORSE

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

1951-52: Judicial Committee Student Council; Secretary Senior Class; Debating Team; President Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Manager Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Baby Sitters; Song Leader Red Team.

1950-51: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Baby Sitters.

1949-50: Vice-President Sophomore Class; Student Council; Girls Glee Club; Manager Sophomore Basketball Team.

1948-49: G. A. A. Representative; Girls Glee Club.

Lois Barbara Moss

"Who is it that says most? Which can say more than this rich praise—that you alone are you?"

1951-52: Student Council Judicial Committee; Editor-in-Chief *Blotter;* President Senior Class; Captain Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Stunt Manager Red Team.

1950-51: Student Council; Assistant Editor and *Blotter* Business Board; Vice-President Junior Class; Philanthropy Committee; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Stunt Manager Red Team.

1949-50: *Blotter* Business and Literary Board; Philanthropy Committee; Debating Team; El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Manager; Stunt Manager Red Team.

1948-49: *Blotter* Business Board; Philanthropy Committee; Girls Glee Club.

Jane Ellen Newhouse

"How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour?"

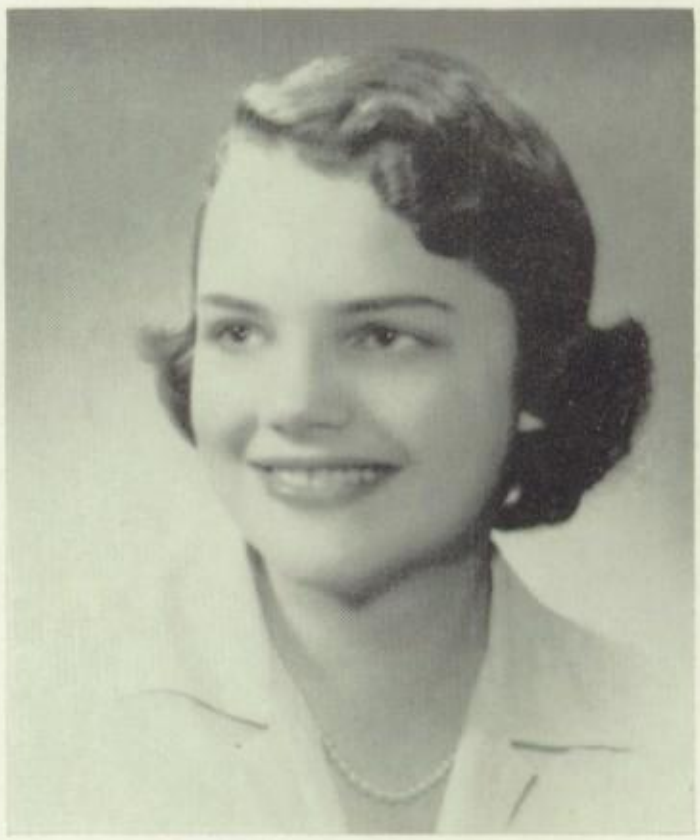
1951-52: *Blotter* Board; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Projector Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Girls Glee Club; *Blotter* Board; Dramatics Club; Projector Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1949-50: *Blotter* Board; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Projector Club.

1948-49: *Blotter* Board; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team.

1947-48: Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Student Council; President Prep. Class; G. A. A. Representative.



WYNNE RUDEN

"I do but sing because I must."

1951-52: Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club.

1950-51: Debating Team; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Student Activities Committee.

JOAN SARAH SCHIMENTI

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known."

1951-52: Business Manager *Blotter;* Girls Glee Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Co-Business Manager *Blotter;* Tri-Lingual Club; Camera Club.

EDWARD JOSEPH SEIBERT, JR.

"He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing."

1951-52: Student Council; Vice-President Philanthropy Committee: Studio Club; Boys Glee Club; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: Boys Glee Club; Tennis Team; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Tri-Lingual Club.

JUDITH-LEE SIEGEL

"Joy"

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how."

1951-52: Student Council; *Blotter* Board; Philanthropy Committee; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Platter Purveyors; Co-Chairman Student Activities Committee; Camera Club.

1950-51: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Student Activities Committee.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Classical Club.

1948-49: Girls Glee Club; Classical Club.

GEORGINE LOUISE SMITH

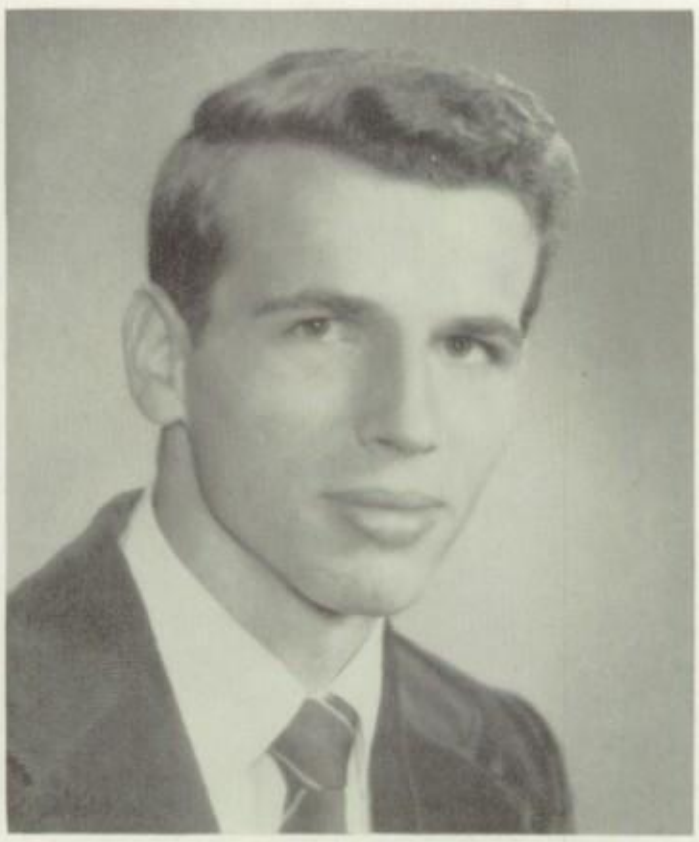
"There are few things more exciting to me than a psychological reason."

1951-52: Executive Committee Student Council; *Blotter* Board; Debating Team; Studio Club; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Property Manager Dramatics Club; Projector Club.

1950-51: *Blotter* Board; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Property Manager Dramatics Club; Manager Varsity Basketball Team; Student Activities Committee; Projector Club.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club; Secretary Projector Club.

1948-49: Girls Glee Club.



ALFRED TOIGO

"Al"

"His conversation does not show the minute hand, but he strikes the hour very correctly."

1951-52: Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Co-Chairman Student Activities Committee.

1950-51: Student Council; President Junior Class; Philanthropy Committee; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Foul Shot Award; Student Activities Committee; Chairman Camera Club.

Mary Alice Wasson

"Mary Al"

"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me."

1951-52: Secretary Student Council; Vice-President G. A. A.; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Captain Varsity Lacrosse Team; Baby Sitters; Secretary Projector Club; Co-Chairman Camera Club.

1950-51: Secretary G. A. A.; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Manager Blue Team; Projector Club.

1949-50: Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; New York School Girls Hockey Team; Projector Club.

1948-49: Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member Long Island Field Hockey Association.

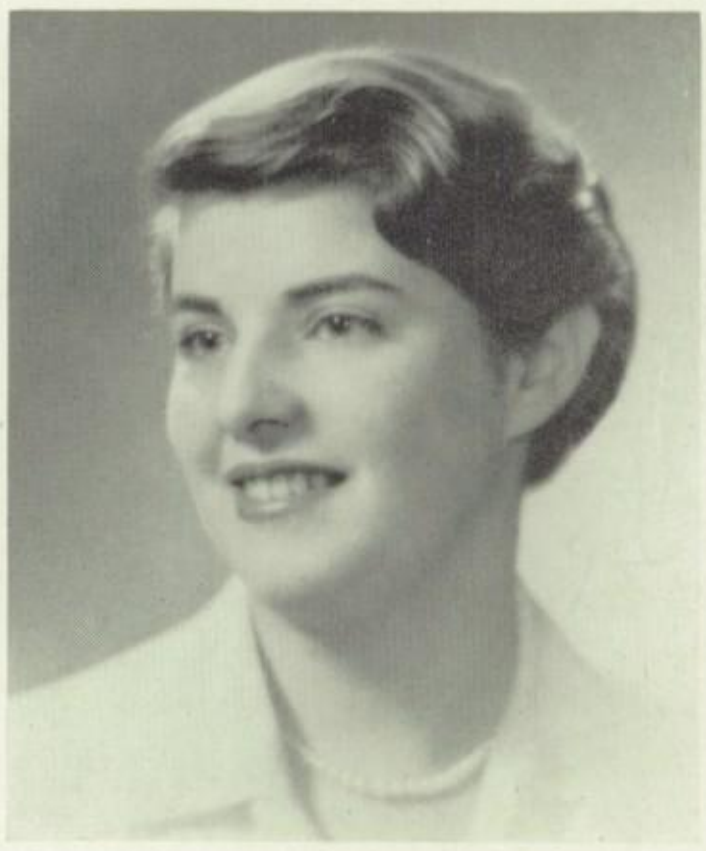
1947-48: Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member Long Island Field Hockey Association.

Sondra Lee Ziet

"You speak as one who fed on poetry."

1951-52: *Blotter* Board; Girls Glee Club; Projector Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1950-51: *Blotter* Board; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club.



Then and Now

1. Edward Coffey

2. Nancy Allan

3. Joan Schimenti

4. Jenny Hofman

5. Georgine Smith

6. Donald Lutz

Then and Now

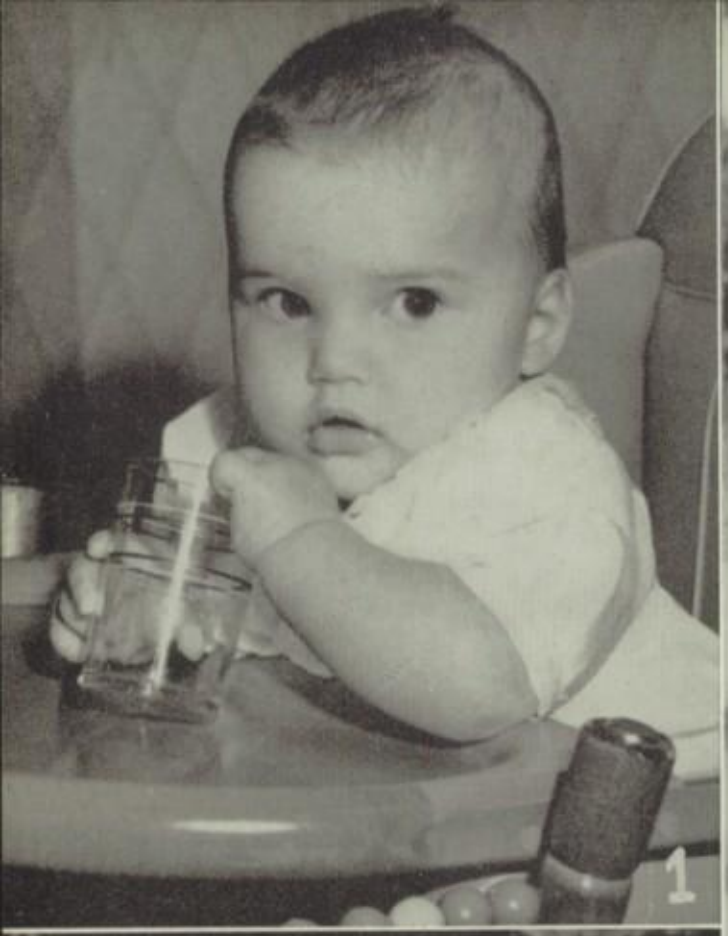
1. Edward Seibert

2. Gail Gifford

3. Sally Morse

4. Lois Moss

5. Kay Kindred



Then and Now

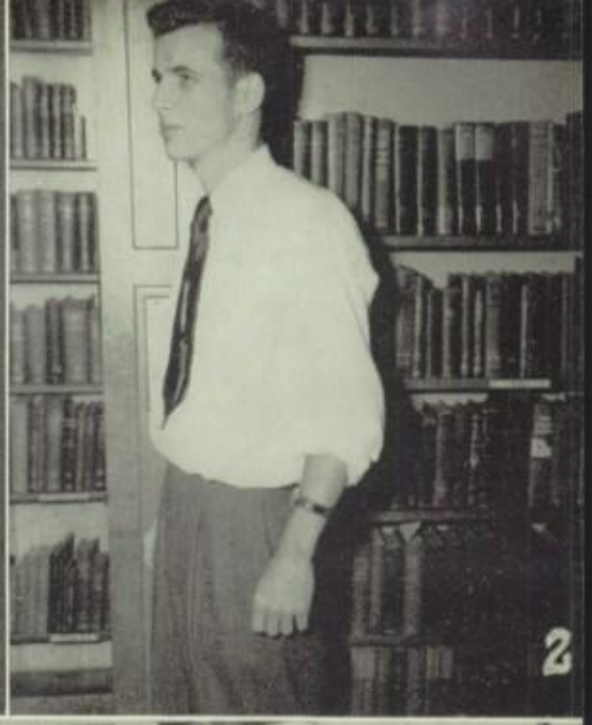
1. Jane Newhouse

2. Joy Siegel

3. Marlene Meyerson

4. Peter Kray

5. Norman Hubbard



Then and Now

1. Stanley Israel

2. Alfred Toigo

3. Susan Gross

4. Wynne Ruden

5. Mary Alice Wasson

First row—Joan Gill, Diana Brookfield, Connie Iskyan, Vera Salomon, Nancy Granirer, Elaine Humbert, Marie Castro, Dorothy DeAngelis. *Second row*—Janice Wolford, James Clark, John French, Harold Pascal, Calvin Pohlman, Henry Assael, David Gibson, Barbara Taylor. *Third row*—Kahleen Ohl, Martin Lieberman, Kenneth Bolte, Lloyd Zimmermann, David Cantor, Louis Moskowitz, Monica Ballard, Faith Evans. *Not present*—William Ashton, Charles Barton, Gilbert Colombo, Mary Coraci, John Enright, Anita Fiddelman, Warren Kingman, Alan Mishler, Hope Ringers, Stephen Rosenthal, Phyllis Shapiro, Stella Simon.

THE Junior Class of 1952 may appear on the surface the same as any other junior class of previous years. But a closer look into the heart that makes us tick will reveal many interesting things that make our class a bit different from any other.

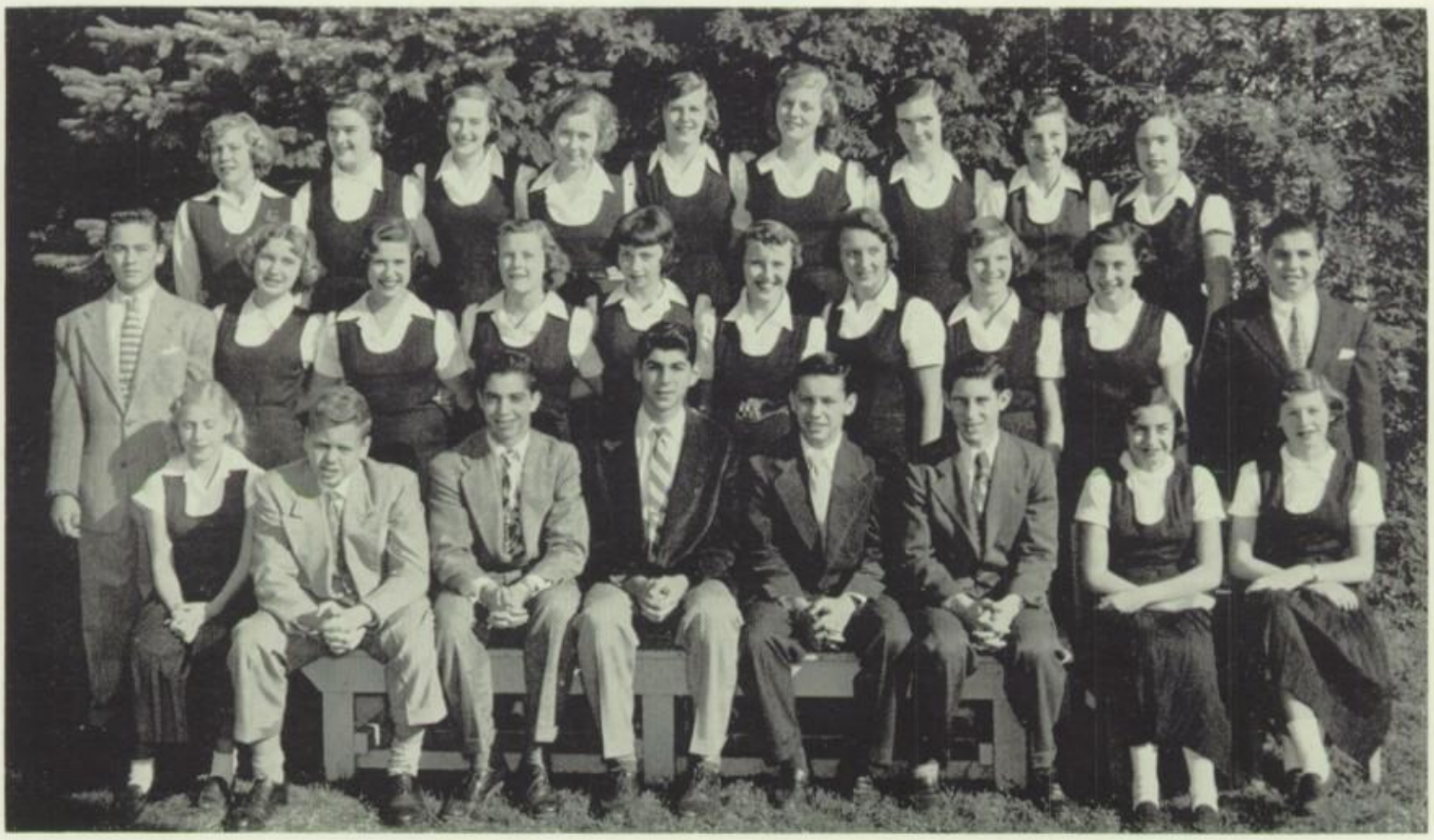
Although we may not have any future Harvard professors or Olympic athletes among us, between these two extremes there is a great variety of talent. A look at the starting lineups of the three varsity teams will show a large percentage of Juniors. Besides sports, almost every club and organization in the school has several of our class as members.

With all these achievements behind us, we all are looking forward to our senior year. Having all of our talents spread over such a variety of fields, it's almost certain that the Junior Class of 1952 will be one of the best senior classes in Kew-Forest School history.

LOUIS MOSKOWITZ, '53

Junior Class

Left to right—Louis Moskowitz (Secretary), David Gibson (President), Marie Castro (Vice-President). *Not present*—Barbara Taylor (Treasurer).



First row—Ann Weingarden, Alan Mishler (H. S. III), David Ailion, Dikran Simidian, Bruce Gibson, Peter Breitman, Sandra Sonnenschein, Monica Reis. *Second row*—Harwood Levin, Maryanne Trump, Abby Rodell, Diane Lauer, Audrey Kahn, Peggy Ray, Leola Kurz, Barbara Stokes, Phyllis Eitington, Charles Chassen. *Third row*—Ann Kindred, Joan Conlan, Mary Jane Manning, Frances Wilson, Cynthia Hess, Anastasia Tsamisis, Lucy Fitzgerald, Suzanne Stern, Meredith Humbert. *Not present*—Haig Dadourian, Peter Ellen, Gerhard Fedde, Jack Lee.

THE Sophomore Class of '52 somewhat resembles a huge train pushing ahead into the distance. Our cars which number about twenty-eight have run pretty well. We've made a few stops on our journey—sometimes, a hitch in one of the cars, and sometimes, just to muster up strength for the run ahead.

Looking back on our trip, it seems we've added a few passengers. Our varied talents and personalities, which range from the brawny athlete to the brainy scholar, and the conversationalist to comedian, have helped fill the furnace and kindle the fire. We've been well stoked and tended to and have had no mishaps so far.

We're eager to start on our next journey and as our train pulls out, we can happily say that we're looking toward the future with great expectations.

JOAN CONLAN, '54

Sophomore Class

Left to right—Dikran Simidian (Treasurer), Bruce Gibson (Vice-President), Phyllis Eitingon (Secretary), Ann Weingarden (President).

Left to right—Cissie Feldman (Treasurer), Otto Schafer (Secretary), Philip Masters (Vice-President), Marilyn Jahn (President).

Freshman Class

WELL, we've made it. We're Freshmen at last. It took eight hard earned years to get us here and don't think that we're not proud of it.

We've lots of pep and vigor and as for brains, well, let's get back to pep. In fact the teachers think we've too much pep. But after all, we can be Freshmen only once.

And don't think that pep is our only asset after eight years of struggling. No, sir! We have quite a bit of intelligence. As you will find in every class, there is always one who tops the Dean's List and in our class it's Marilyn Jahn. We are also very proud to say that most of our Freshmen have contributed to the Kew-Forest Varsity and Junior Varsity and to the Glee, Tri-Lingual and various other clubs about school.

Now let's see. What have we? Pep and vigor, intelligence, athletic abilities and last but not least, eagerness. Well, there you are. The future Senior Class of '55.

CAROLYN BROWN, '55

First row—Marilyn Jahn, Birte Peterson, Justine Gillman, Carolyn Brown, Diane Bush, Geraldine Sparacio. *Second row*—Ellen Davidman, Louis Buttitta, Otto Schafer, Michael Magdol, Anthony Moran, Cissie Feldman. *Third row*—George Hippeli, Paul Koumrian, Lee Breslow, Philip Masters, Lawrence Gross. *Not present*—Adrienne Angst, Ellis French, Theresa Iraggi, Tevis Morse.

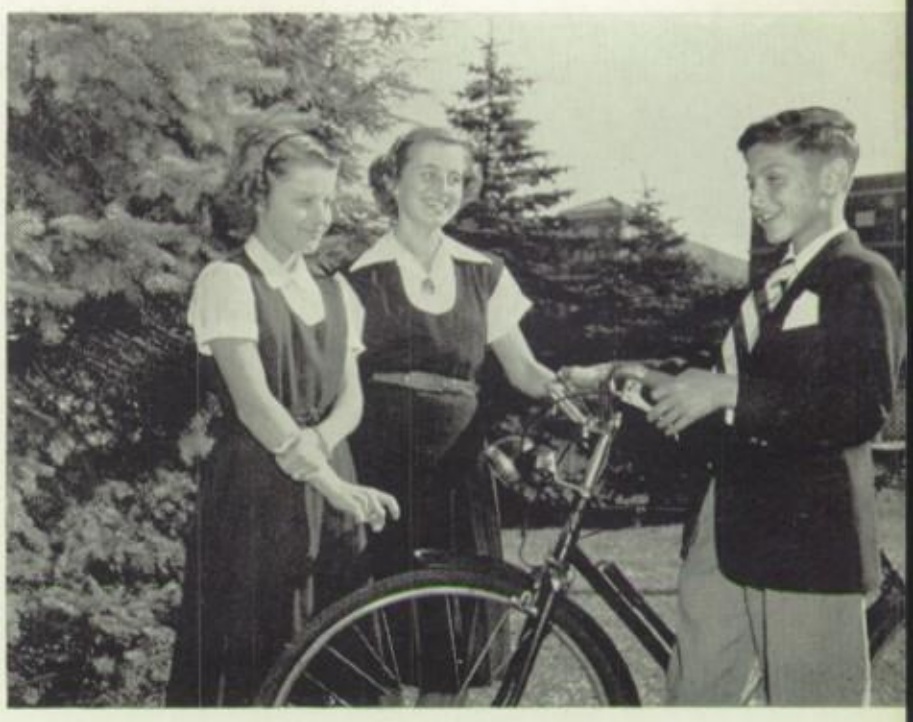
Prep Class

HOLD it! Don't look at our picture until you've given us a chance to explain. We are the High School Preps, not really in High School or Lower School either.

In Lower School we had a reputation, quite a reputation in fact, but we've changed quite a bit. Don't think we still haven't a good sense of humor though; just ask any of our teachers. Do we get detentions? Why, none of us has ever had to stay after three o'clock—on Saturdays or Sundays. Altogether, though, we've had a successful time and a lot of fun in spite of the work we've had since we left Lower School. To make up for the extra work of High School, we have enjoyed many of the High School activities, such as the dances and the games. We also enjoy working on the various committees and clubs, which has opened a new field to explore.

We are looking forward to a bright future in this new life, especially to next year when we won't be the youngest group in the High School.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, '56



Left to right—Carol Egry (Secretary), Jessica Allan (Vice-President), Kenneth Siegel (President). *Not present*—Kenneth Lippman (Treasurer).

First row—Kenneth Lutz, Ian Buchanan, John Hetherington, Carol Egry, Harold Lardaro, Kenneth Lippman. *Second row*—Joan Gertz, Dolores Janes, Kenneth Miron, Robert Dixon, Susan Sparer, Jessica Allan, Kenneth Siegel. *Third row*—Rhona Karshan, Rina Shulman, Merna Friedland, Stephanie Smirnow, Ann Rose, Carol Chascione, Sandra Brown. *Not present*—Roger Rieber.

First row—Brenda LaGrange, Marcia Cantor, Judith Hitzig, Marlana Fink, Susan Stark, Elyse Sergenian. *Second row*—David Berley, Harold Dammann, Judith Garber, Richard Barlow, Anthony Piana. *Third row*—Richard Drellich, Brewster Heller, Foster Ballard, Edgar Kent, J. Riley Smirnow, Jonathan Cole. *Not present*—Maha Howrani, Harriet Walker, George Whalen.

ON the opening date of school in September, all of us were thrilled at the arrival of five new pupils in our class. They are Anthony Piana, Richard Drellich, Susan Stark, Marlana Fink and Judy Garber. So far they have proved to be fine students. Almost all the regular class is back, as well as the teachers.

We've had two parties celebrating Thanksgiving and Christmas. At both we had a wonderful time, with emphasis on the Christmas party. At the beginning of the New Year we were honored with a new pupil and a new music teacher—the pupil, George Whelan, and the music teacher Lieutenant Commander Charles D. Walker. We were all sorry that Mr. Cronemiller had to leave us, but Mr. Walker has more than "filled the bill" we think.

So far it's been a wonderful year for all of us. Maybe it's because we'll only be in the seventh grade once, or maybe it's because it's our last chance to be the "Big Shots" in the Lower School.

J. Riley Smirnow, '57

Intermediate Four

Left to right—Brenda LaGrange (Treasurer), Elyse Sergenian (Vice-President), Brewster Heller (President), Susan Stark (Secretary).

First row—Frederick Mesler, Monica Moran, Jeanmarie Manfredonia, Joan Perera, Miriam Sergenian, John Levin. *Second row*—Carol Baur, Julianne McCaffrey, Thomas Curtis, Todd Dickel, Joseph Levin, Barbara White. *Third row*—Morton Corin, Stephen Blum, Laurence Cole, Andrew Blum, Peter Cassino. *Not present*—Diane Haslett, Norman Ramol.

WELL, here we are again. The same class with a different name, Intermediate Three. There are nineteen pupils in our class, eleven boys and eight girls. I think everyone was happy to see our classmates back this year in addition to one new boy, Morton Corin, and one new girl, Diane Haslett.

The rivalry between the Reds and Blues is just as great and friendly as last year. Dodgeball and lacrosse seem to be hits with both teams.

The pupils in our class know Miss Harper's weakness—kindness.

In Intermediate Three we voted Mrs. Barlow our favorite teacher. We gave her a party and she received a silver plate. In return she gave us a tea dance.

Don't think we are a goody-goody class because we're not. We have our "squabbles." But our teachers always straighten us out. That's why we say:

Thanks for all the things you've done.
You've taught us much and it's been fun.
We sign ourselves "Dr. Dixon's
Little Intermediate Vixens."

MONICA MORAN, '58

Intermediate Three

Left to right—Monica Moran (Vice-President), John Levin (President), Morton Corin (Secretary).

Left to right—John O'Donnell (Vice-President), Berta Walker (Treasurer), Stephen Bush (President), Ione Kourides (Secretary).

OUR HISTORY IN RHYME

Oh, there are fifteen handsome boys
In the Intermediate Two
Along with ten intelligent girls
And some of them are new.

The Blues have won in soccer play
But our Reds still hope to win
In basketball, and in other games
With spirit genuine.

Now, Mr. Walker's music class
Taught us to play by ear.
We've learned a lot, and was this not
Our most enjoyable year?

WILLIAM FOLLOWS, '59

Intermediate Two

First row—Joseph King, William Follows, Ione Kourides, Joyce Carbine, Janna Day, Jane Sullivan, Harold Lippman, Marc Himoff. *Second row*—Stephen Masters, Lois Snyder, Louise Walker, Berta Walker, Eugenia Wild, Barbara Smith, Lynn Odlum, John O'Donnell. *Third row*—Stephen Bush, David Dammann, Gilbert Williams, Richard Russo, Bernard Hoddersen, William Baxt, Eric Rieber, Steven Kammerer, Thomas Dadourian. *Not present*—Josephine Kelly, John Shapkin.

OUR class is full of energy and fun. The hardest thing we do is *keep quiet*.

There are seven new pupils in our class. We like and are friendly with them all.

We have so many activities. Almost every holiday is celebrated with a party. We have Red and Blue teams that compete for points. In May we have a banquet and some of us get medals. In arithmetic we enjoy a game *I'm Out*. It is something like *Bingo*. We are very good readers and enjoy the *Make Believe Adventures* in the daily stories.

We've grown up a lot this year and we like everybody and everything about Kew-Forest.

SUSAN SCHNEIDER, '60
MARSHA SNYDERMAN, '60

Left to right—Gwen Pallante (President), Ronald Baur (Secretary), Joan Gordon (Vice-President), Marsha Snyderman (Treasurer).

Intermediate One

First row—Gwen Pallante, Patricia Wellington, Elizabeth Trump, Brooke Martin, Marsha Snyderman, Michelle Briggs, Linda Curtis. *Second row*—Susan Schneider, Caroline Ross, Martha Dreyer, Joan Gordon, Caroline Carmody, Marian Dobbs, Anthony Zungolo. *Third row*—Michael Gillman, Andrew White, Joseph Weiss, Wayne Hansen, Dee Stone, Dominick Dioguardi, Warren Ruden, Ronald Baur. *Not present*—Betty Jane Berkley, Jacqueline Dickel, Gail Hazelwood, Stephen Miron.

First row—Joan White, Julianna Cassino, Iris Warshaw, Jane Berley, Rosemary Dioguardi. *Second row*—Frank Janes, Melva Andrews, Lynn Neinken, Evelyn Geddes, Janet Karshan, Nicholas Kass. *Third row*—Jeffrey Miles, Peter Dadourian, John Aslanian, Joseph Altschuler, William Weiss. *Not present*—Rabee Howrani, Pamela Masters, Brian O'Donnell.

IN Primary Three we began the study of English and history. We are fond of these subjects but our favorite period is recess. Then we play dodgeball, soccer and other games.

Now we would like to introduce ourselves: Joseph is good at soccer. Johnny is a very good friend. Melva and Nicky are the most giggly children in the class. Juliana and Janet are tiny girls with friendly smiles. Peter's favorite subject is arithmetic. Rosemary and Evelyn are very quiet and helpful girls. Brian and Frank have been elected class artists. Pamela, who goes to Florida every year, comes back as brown as a bear. Jeffrey is very jolly and full of ideas. Iris has long hair and loves to draw horses. Billy has fun all day long telling funny stories. Joan, a Brownie, is loved by all the children in her class.

We have many good times at our work and play and enjoy Primary Three.

Primary Three

Left to right—Juliana Cassino, Peter Dadourian, Frank Janes, John Aslanian, Iris Warshaw, Jane Berley.

First row—Jacqueline Senehi, Lila Wolff, Ann Eisenberg, Lynne Zimmermann, Nancy Dobbs, Ann Scopp. *Second row*—Susan Van Ranst, Peter Badanes, Rodney Folia, Robert Freed, Wallis McGovern. *Third row*—Barton Shapkin, Britten Miller, Lee Beyer, Raymond Langton. *Not present*—George Choderker.

IN Primary Two we like to read, to play games, and to work in our work-books. Art is fun and we love music, too. We love the song about the lion's cage. Our classroom is big and sunny. We decorate our room for all the holidays with pictures and drawings. We have birthday parties with cake and ice cream for all our friends in Primary Two.

Now we would like to say something about each one of us. Peter likes to play dodge-ball and Ann Ruth loves sports, too. Lee has very rosy cheeks and Nancy has a very kind voice. Anne and Lila are very friendly and kind to everyone. George, our friendly chatterbox, and Wally, both are always into mischief. Raymond's and Barton's favorite subject is arithmetic. Lynne and Susan love to read story-books. Jackie has been in France and Persia. Rodney is tall and quick. Britt has red hair, freckles and a jolly smile. We have many good times with all our friends.

Primary Two

Left to right—Rodney Folia, Nancy Dobbs, Peter Badanes, Lynne Zimmermann, Lee Beyer.

Left to right—Bruce Roswick, Victoria Ellman, Phyllis Sullivan, Morgan Palmer, David Spiegel.

WE are all in Primary One. Most of us are six years old, but some of us are still five.

School is lots of fun. We work and we play. This year we are learning to read and write. We are learning how to do number problems and how to spell, too. We love our crayons and paper and we like to paint at the easel, but most of all we like finger painting.

Now we are growing two narcissus bulbs. This is one of our experiments. We are growing one in water and the other in earth.

We try to help our teacher. When we finish our work, we put our books in the middle of the table and our heads down. One day Miss Sottosanti said, "Please put your books down and your heads in the middle of the table."

Many of us have made new friends at Kew-Forest. Even if we are naughty a little bit, we love school very much and we think that we are very lucky.

Primary One

First row—Jane Fallek, Pamela Bickerman, Anthony Caine, Daniel Schwartzkopf, Paula White, Elizabeth Van Ranst, Bruce Roswick, Phyllis Sullivan. *Second row*—Nicholas Kourides, Victoria Ellman, George Linsky, Adrienne Colucci, Lynn Beyer, John Burton, Morgan Palmer, Joseph Sukaskas, Miss Maria Sottosanti, Edward Bramson, David Spiegel, Stuart Eisenberg, Donald Kass. *Not present*—Joan Muroff.

The little girl had to go to the hospital and have her "independence out."

BEVERLY JONES, Age 5

A new way to say the last one is a rotten egg: "We are playing the dirty egg game!"

CATHY REDMOND, Age 5

"Isn't that unsensitive for Jeffrey to have more paper than I have?"

JONATHAN KLEEFIELD, Age 5

"Does God live up in the sky?"

"No, God lives way up in the Empire State Building!"

PETER BRANT, Age 5 to GEORGE BURTON, Age 5

Once a little cricket got into the monkey cage. It was thousands of feet up in the air. I climbed up and got the poor little cricket and brought him home and made a pet of him.

JONATHAN KLEEFIELD, Age 5

Left to right—Jeffrey Baena, Adrienne Aslanian, Carol Hansen, Beverly Janes, George Burton.

Kindergarten

First row—Adrienne Aslanian, Marjorie Badanes, Jonathan Kleefield, George Burton. *Second row*—Carol Hansen, Beverly Janes, Mrs. Glenna Weiss, Jeffrey Baena, Joan Muroff. *Not present*—Yvonne Baginsky, Peter Brant, Robin Conner, Belinda Freed, Yale Liebowitz, Paul Peters, Catherine Redmond.

The 1951 Commencement Scene.

Commencement Plans for 1952 Class

THE Commencement of the Class of 1952 will be held in the Community House of Forest Hills Gardens, on the evening of May 29, 1952, in the beautiful setting of former years. Hon. William B. Groat, Jr., Judge of Queens County Court, will be the guest speaker. Senior speakers will be Doris Kaiser, Lois Barbara Moss, and Alfred Toigo. Dr. James L. Dixon, Headmaster, and the Honorable Nicholas M. Pette, President of the Board of Trustees, will award the diplomas to the members of the graduating class, after they have been presented by Dean Lucy Allen Smart. Under the leadership of Charles Dodsley Walker, Musical Director, the High School students will sing *The Heavens are Declaring* by Beethoven, and the traditional *Veni Creator,* Gounod, *All Hail to Thee Kew-Forest,* and *The Star Spangled Banner.* The Seniors will sing *Cara Alma Mater.*

The members of the Faculty, wearing academic gowns and hoods, as usual, will lead in the Processional and Recessional pageant. Hof Hall will be decorated with cut flowers and green smilax. Following the program, a reception will be held in Rowland Smith Hall.

The final Assembly, when Academic Awards for 1951-1952 will be presented, will be held the evening of May 28, 1952, at the Community House.

The Senior Prom

The members of the Class of 1952 held the annual Senior Prom, March 28, 1952 in the Cotillion Room of Hotel Pierre, New York City.

Gratitude to Talented Artists

The Blotter of 1952 is indebted to Janice Wolford, '53, for her charming Division pages.

The Senior cartoons and some of the line drawings are the art work of Barbara Taylor, '53. The other line drawings were made by Phyllis Eitingon, '54 and Ann Weingarden, '54. *The Blotter* staff applauds these talented pupils.

Miss Doyle, Mrs. Robison, Dr. Dixon, Mrs. Smart, and Mr. Louis D. Marriott, Co-Founder of Kew-Forest School, at 1951 Commencement.

Kew-Forest School Association

Larger Number of Parents Show Interest, Take Part and Support Building Fund

THE capacity enrollment of pupils in Kew-Forest School makes possible larger membership of the Association. From the inception of this organization, members have been loyal and have looked to the future. The need of improvement in and enlargement of the building have found response in support of the building fund. The program of 1951-1952 has been the Association's best.

The program began on October 8th, 1951, with Mr. Joseph A. Moran, Vice-President and Associate Director of Radio-Television of Young and Rubicam, Inc., who spoke on the subject: *Backstage with Radio and Television.* This talk was informative, and most entertaining. *Thelma Ritter* (Mrs. Joseph A. Moran), was the first speaker in 1950. No matter as to who is the better speaker, they are both excellent. The next speaker was to be Mr. Edward J. Mowery, staff writer of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, who could not come because that night he was given a citation and award for uncovering the narcotics scandal. He promises to come again. Dr. Smiley Blanton, author and Director of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, organized by the Marble Collegiate Church, spoke in the evening, January 14th, 1952, on the subject: *Development of Personality and Character.* Dr. Blanton not only informed and entertained his listeners but helped them in their work as teachers and parents. Mr. Homer J. Cleary wrote and directed a three act play, *Three to Make One,* which was presented on the evening of February 16th, 1952, at the First Presbyterian Church Hall. This play had a most original touch, in that the members of the cast, High School pupils, each had to act as three different characters. The School was honored to have President Rosemary Park, of Connecticut College for Women, on the afternoon of April 14th, 1952, speak on the subject: *What Do the Colleges Expect of High School Graduates?* The annual election was held at that meeting.

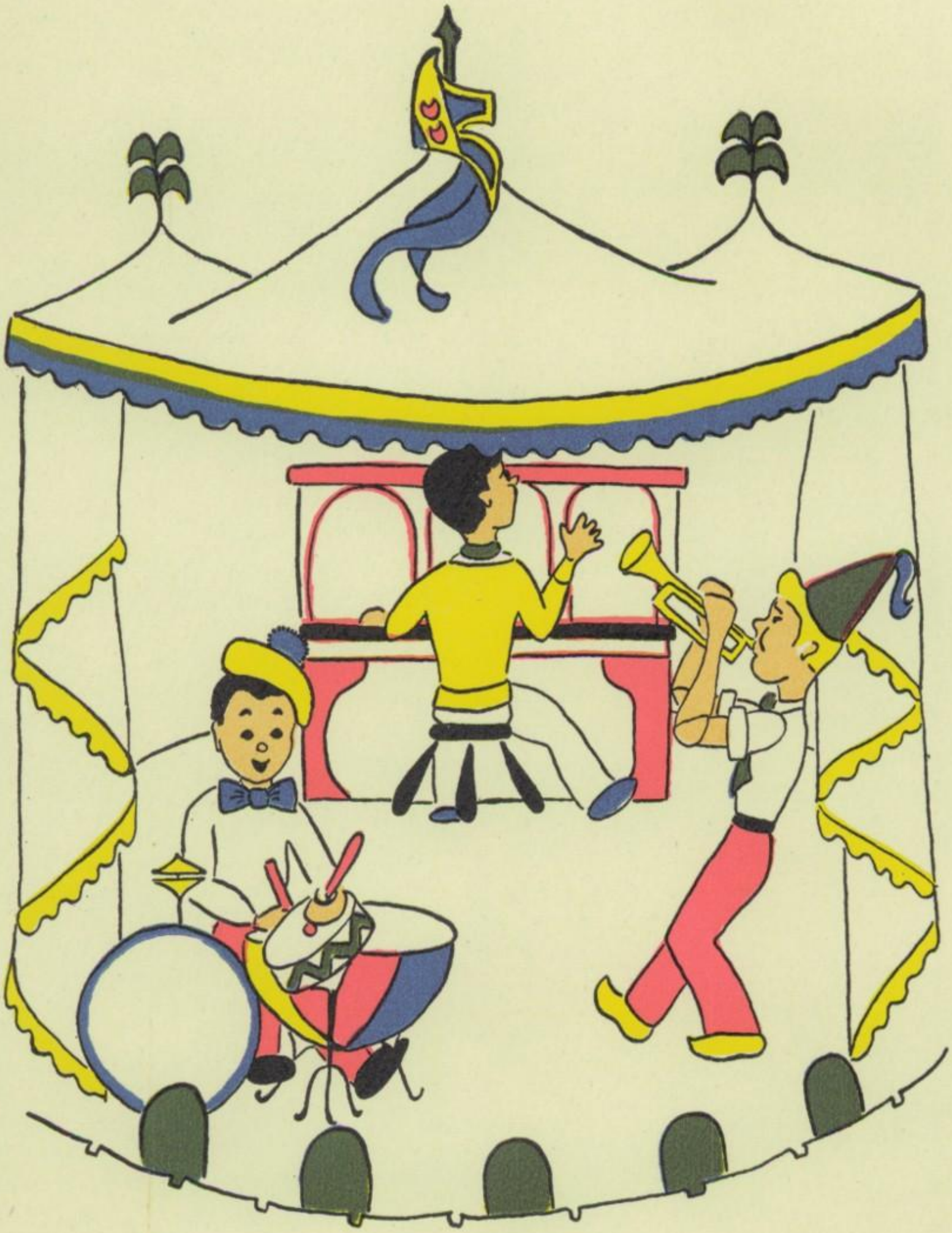
The Board meetings, held regularly at homes of officers, on the Wednesday afternoons preceding the Association meetings, have been well attended and interesting. Dr. James L. Dixon, Headmaster, is present at all Board and Association meetings.

On the evening of November 16th, 1951, the eleventh annual Football Bridge was held at the Community House of Forest Hills Gardens. The largest attendance in the history of these parties made possible the most money added to the building fund of the Association for the School. The play, put on under the direction of Mr. Cleary, also added to that fund.

The officers for the year 1951-1952 are President, Mrs. John C. Kindred; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Preston Hazelwood, Mrs. George Beyer, Jr., Mrs. Edward Barlow, Mrs. James L. Dixon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Joseph Ringers; Recording Secretary, Mrs. William Allan; Treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Moskowitz. The Chairmen of Committees: Ways and Means, Mrs. Richard Hess; Program, Mrs. Arthur Palmer; Membership, Mrs. Ezra A. Wolff; Refreshments, Mrs. John Hetherington; Parliamentarian and Chairman of Publicity, Dean Lucy Allen Smart.

Activities 2

Here are the varied jovial scenes
We act off-stage. The motley themes
Afford a challenge to our art.
They lift our spirits, warm our heart.



First row—Barbara Taylor, Georgine Smith, Janice Wolford, Joan Schimenti, Marilyn Jahn, Joan Gertz. *Second row*—Ann Weingarden, Robert Dixon, Jack Lee, Ann Kindred, Katherine Kindred, Barbara Stokes.

1952 Blotter Board

Editor-in-Chief
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Doris Kaiser, '52

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Audrey Kahn, '54
Ann Kindred, '54
Ann Weingarden, '54
Marilyn Jahn, '55

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Barbara Taylor, '53
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Miss Doris Sonner, *Photography*
Mrs. Mary Margaret Barlow,
Lower School Literature

First row — Ann Weingarden, Doris Kaiser, Sally Morse, Janice Wolford, Joy Siegel, Lois Moss, Nancy Allan. *Second row*— Marilyn Jahn, Louis Moskowitz, Philip Masters, Gail Gifford, Bruce Gibson, Jessica Allan, Marie Castro, Ann Kindred, Kenneth Siegel.

The Student Council's Aims Are High

THE purpose of the Student Council is to uphold the traditions and ideals of Kew-Forest School and to further its progress.

The Student Council is composed of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of all High School classes and of all active organizations. "No member of the Student Council can have an academic average of less than 80%. If average is less, member goes on probation. At any time, if a member's average goes below 75%, he or she is automatically dropped from the Council. When the President or Vice-President of any class or organization is on probation, the secretary may serve, if his average is 80% or above, or the Treasurer may serve, with the required average, while the higher officer is on probation."

As the years have passed and the Council has shown its value and more mature dependability of thought and action, more responsibility has been given to it.

This year the Oath of Honor has been made the Preamble of the Constitution. "The pupils of Kew-Forest School promise to do all in their power to uphold the standards and traditions of the School, to respect and cooperate with their superiors and co-workers and to avoid any form of dishonesty. The Student Council is organized to carry out these ideals."

The Constitution of the Council was read to all of the students, to refresh the minds of students, new and old, with its contents and meaning. The students have endeavored to live up to the ideals of the Preamble. One difficulty is to find time for meetings when thought and judgment may be used. Dean Lucy Allen Smart is the Adviser.

KATHERINE KINDRED, '52

Left to right—Martin Lieberman (Treasurer), Mary Alice Wasson (Secretary), Katherine Kindred (President). *Not present*—Stanley Israel (Vice-President).

Student Activity Committee

THE Student Activity Committee was chosen from the student body at the beginning of the 1951-52 year by four seniors, Al Toigo, Peter Kray, Gail Gifford, and Joy Siegel, and by the members of the Faculty Committee on Pupil Activities, Mrs. Hazel Robison, Miss Enid Doyle, Mr. Homer Cleary, Mrs. Grace Zimmermann, and their chairman, Miss Doris Sonner. The committee members are Jessica Allan, John Hetherington, Marilyn Jahn, Otto Schafer, Janice Wolford, Gilbert Colombo, Dikran Simidian, and the four previously-mentioned seniors.

The first social event of the year was a Halloween Dance in October. The main purpose of the dance was to get old and new Kew-Foresters together in an informal, gay, congenial party. Apple duckings, balloon dances, and general merry-making were the agenda for the evening. Like typical Cinderellas, all returned home—disheveled, tired, and happy.

The next social whirl was the annual Christmas dance at the Community House. Bill Reed and his Dixieland Hepcats provided the music, and everyone had an exceptionally gay evening. Amid the punch, and the bells, and the snow were heard laughter and jazz. Outsiders—non-K-Fers—were invited, and over one hundred persons attended. The chaperons were the most gracious to be found anywhere, and the best "Charlestoners" of all. The true Christmas spirit and the air of festivity and gaiety made this a fitting beginning for the Christmas season.

A Tense Moment at the 1951 Co-ed Field Day.

With the coming of the new year—and a leap year at that—a Sadie Hawkin's Day dance was a natural. The date was March first. The male members of the student body were invited, escorted, and inveigled into having a wonderful time. Donald Lutz and David Cantor supplied superb dance music, and even the faculty members were enticed into dancing.

Kew-Forest has concluded one of the most active and enjoyable series of social events in its history.

First row—Jessica Allan, Janice Wolford, Gail Gifford, Marilyn Jahn, John Hetherington. *Second row*—Gilbert Colombo, Otto Schafer, Dikran Simidian, Louis Moskowitz.

The Studio Club

THE Studio Club is the oldest club in Kew-Forest School, having been founded twenty-two years ago by Miss Enid Doyle, and it is made up of all the members of all High School art courses.

The main function of the Studio Club is to provide all other organizations in the school with any art work which they may need. At almost any time one can walk into the art room and find students working on posters or publicity for the most active Student Activities Committee, or doing scenery for a coming production which the school is to present.

This year the Club has undertaken a most unusual and interesting project, that of painting murals to decorate the lunchroom walls, so that the students may have something interesting to look at while eating. This has aroused great enthusiasm among the Club members.

To all members of the Studio Club their art class represents a peaceful, congenial period apart from the cares of the school day. Under the guidance of the teacher, Miss Doyle, they are always kept constructively occupied and their minds find time to relax in the pleasant atmosphere which prevails there.

First row—Sandra Sonnenschein, Otto Schafer, Diana Brookfield, John Hetherington, Charles Chassen, Phyllis Eitingon, Hope Ringers. *Second row*—Anthony Moran, Ellis French, William Hagan, Audrey Kahn, Janice Wolford, Leola Kurz, Georgine Smith, Theresa Iraggi.

First row—Susan Gross (Co-Secretary), Gilbert Colombo, Dikran Simidian, James Clark, Calvin Pohlman. *Second row*—Jane Newhouse, Martin Lieberman (Vice-President), Henry Assael, Georgine Smith, Mary Alice Wasson (Co-Secretary), Gail Gifford (President), Robert Dixon.

Projector Club

THE Projector Club was organized in 1949 for the purpose of training students to use and care for the sixteen millimeter projector for the school. The movies acquired are for entertainment and educational purposes. This organization is constantly active, for Kew-Forest considers visual education a necessary part of its curriculum.

The first meeting was held at the beginning of the school year and officers were elected. They are Gail Gifford, President; Martin Lieberman, Vice-President; Mary Alice Wasson, Secretary; and Sue Gross, Co-Secretary. The other members are Jimmy Clark, Gilbert Colombo, Calvin Pohlman, Haig Dadourian, Jane Newhouse, Georgine Smith, Dick Simidian, Henry Assael and Robert Dixon. Refresher courses are given to the members who, in turn, instruct new members in the operation and care of the machine. The latter become full-fledged members when they satisfactorily pass the test on mechanics and courtesy.

The film schedules are posted each month and the responsibility of showing and checking the films is equally distributed among all members.

The club has been successful right from its very beginning, for it has completely fulfilled its purpose. It has purchased a splicer and intends to do as much as it can to make the future movie programs at Kew-Forest even better than they have been in the past.

Left to right—Georgine Smith (Secretary-Treasurer), Sally Morse (President). *Not present*—Stanley Israel (Vice-President).

The Tri-Lingual Club

THE Tri-Lingual Club, comprised of those students who are interested in French, Spanish, and Latin, who are in their second year of a foreign language, and who maintain a good average, is one of the more active organizations on the program of extra-curricular activities offered at Kew-Forest School.

On appointed Friday nights, the Tri-Lingual enthusiasts meet in a student's home for about two hours to hear prepared reports by fellow club members. These reports are always vivid and colorful, and often they are accompanied by pictures. After the meeting is over, there is a social gathering with refreshments served by the hospitable student-hostess.

One of the most successful meetings, held in December, was high-lighted by the vivid account of the glamorous and famous bullfights of Spain. Mr. Cleary, world traveler and Kew-Forest School instructor in French and Spanish, demonstrated the agility of the toreador.

At other pleasant meetings, the students heard reports on the development of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and drama in France, Spain, Greece and Rome.

The Latin students went to see the film *Quo Vadis* in the late fall, and the French and Spanish students were given an account of it at a later meeting.

The last meeting of the year will be held the latter part of May when Georgine Smith will give a "weenie roast" at her home for all the club members. It should be a very gala affair.

The prosperity and growing popularity of this fairly new organization is due to the helpful efforts of Mrs. Grace Zimmermann, the adviser, and the keen interest of students and teachers.

LATIN

First row—Monica Ballard, Marion Bolte, Ann Kindred, Joy Siegel, Diane Bush, Marilyn Jahn. *Second row*—Peter Ellen, David Ailion, Frances Wilson, David Cantor, Barbara Taylor, Lucy Fitzgerald.

FRENCH AND SPANISH

First row—Marlene Meyerson, Doris Kaiser, Nancy Allan, Jane Newhouse, Lois Moss, Susan Gross. *Second row*—Katherine Kindred, Mary Alice Wasson, Calvin Pohlman, Wynne Ruden, Donald Lutz, Joan Conlan, Abby Rodell, Kathleen Ohl, Jenny Hofman.

Production Crew.

Dramatics

Seated—Janice Wolford, Stanley Israel, Gilbert Colombo, David Cantor. *Standing*—Susan Gross, Georgine Smith, Cynthia Hess, Barbara Taylor, Donald Lutz, Mr. Homer Cleary, James Clark.

ON February sixteenth Mr. Homer Cleary presented *Three To Make One,* by Mr. Cleary, produced by Mr. Cleary, directed by Mr. Cleary, staged by Mr. Cleary—and for a while, due to chicken pox and general malaise of the members of the cast—acted by Mr. Cleary.

Once again Kew-Forest unpacked the grease paint and wigs, hunted for props, and wandered like sleep-walkers mumbling lines.

The prologue of *Three To Make One* explained that three unsuccessful playwrights had pooled talents and had written one act each with three things only in common: an emerald necklace; a character, Princess Feodora, who never appears; and characters having the same names but wholly different personalities in each act. The plot of the second act was based on the last line of the first; the plot of the third, on the last line of the second act. The first act was a satire on the sophisticated gangster story; the second, a comedy of mistaken identity in a country hotel; the third, a murder mystery placed in London.

As the "opening night" approached, misgivings made their rounds. "Where are the flowers for Act I?" "Why do I always forget that speech telling 'who done-it' in Act III?"

The sixteenth arrived, and at six everyone gathered for make-up and the usual "pep-talk," quaking in his boots and chanting, "Me, nervous? N-o-o-o!"

Eight o'clock—the audience gathered. Curtain! The play was on.

The wonderful, wonderful audience laughed in the right spots, and sighed in the right spots, too!

Broadway couldn't do it, but Kew-Forest did—gave a play without a single complete rehearsal!

Next year? Why, "Let's go on with the show!"

THREE TO MAKE ONE

Characters in order of appearance

First Playwright ..... Martin Lieberman
Second Playwright ..... Henry Assael
Third Playwright ..... Joy Siegel
Electrician ..... John Enright
Stage Manager ..... Harold Pascal
Adelia ..... Gail Gifford
Charles ..... Peter Kray
Betty ..... Mary Alice Wasson
Morey ..... Louis Moskowitz
Paul ..... David Gibson
Ruby ..... Doris Kaiser
Agnes ..... Wynne Ruden
Flora ..... Marlene Meyerson
Ralph ..... Edward Coffey
Nora ..... Lois Moss
Bill ..... Alfred Toigo

Production Staff

Stage Manager ..... Gilbert Colombo

Properties Manager ..... Georgine Smith

Assistant Properties Manager ..... Barbara Taylor

Master Electrician ..... James Clark

Wardrobe Mistress ..... Susan Gross

Assistants to the Wardrobe Mistress
Cynthia Hess, Janice Wolford

Make-up ..... Robert Aissa

Lighting ..... William Barnes, Stanley Israel, Donald Lutz

Special credit must be given to Barbara Taylor, Janice Wolford and Georgine Smith, for the painting of sets and incidental furniture.

MEMBERS OF CAST

Left to right—David Gibson, Peter Kray, Louis Moskowitz, Harold Pascal, Joy Siegel, John Enright, Alfred Toigo, Henry Assael, Edward Coffey, Marlene Meyerson, Martin Lieberman, Lois Moss, Mary Alice Wasson, Gail Gifford, Doris Kaiser, Wynne Ruden.

Debating

THE Kew-Forest Debating Team has established a new precedent this year. Instead of scheduling its annual debating tournament in the spring, after *The Blotter* has gone to press, it held the debate on December 13, 1951, so that the results could be published in the current issue.

With Mrs. Hazel Robison and Dr. James Dixon as helpful advisers, the teams debated on the subject, "Resolved: That every American citizen should be subject to conscription for essential service in time of war." The members debated in pairs and argued both the affirmative and negative sides of the question. The judges of the preliminaries were former Kew-Forest debaters, who declared Barbara Taylor, Phyllis Shapiro, Joy Siegel, and Doris Kaiser the winners. These two teams presented their final debates in assembly on January 4, 1952. Joy Siegel and Doris Kaiser upheld the affirmative, and Barbara Taylor and Phyllis Shapiro, the negative. Members of the faculty judged on this occasion and decided in favor of Barbara Taylor and Phyllis Shapiro, the final winners.

On May 11, 1951, the topic for debate was "The Welfare State," a challenging and controversial subject. The final winners were Morris Tenner and Wynne Ruden who upheld the negative against Lois Lehrman and Peggy Streifler, for the affirmative.

Left to right—Barbara Taylor, Phyllis Shapiro (Winners of the 1952 Debating Contest), Doris Kaiser (Vice-Captain), Lois Moss (Captain).

The officers of the Debating Team for the current year are Lois Moss, Captain; Doris Kaiser, Co-Captain; and Monica Ballard, Manager. The active debaters were Joy Siegel, Georgine Smith, David Cantor, Phyllis Shapiro, Barbara Taylor, Janice Wolford, Abby Rodell, Maryanne Trump, and Frances Wilson. Those acting as chairmen were Nancy Allan, Kay Kindred, Sally Morse, and Mary Alice Wasson.

First row—David Cantor, Sally Morse, Georgine Smith, Joy Siegel, Phyllis Shapiro, Lois Moss. *Second row*—Nancy Allan, Katherine Kindred, Mary Alice Wasson, Janice Wolford, Monica Ballard (Manager), Doris Kaiser, Barbara Taylor, Abby Rodell, Frances Wilson, Maryanne Trump.

The Glee Club

ANY boy or girl interested in group singing is a welcome member of the Glee Club. The Glee Club is the heart of Kew-Forest musical life. Its members give up twenty minutes of their lunch period twice each week to practice.

Under Mr. George Cronemiller's leadership, the Glee Club put on an excellent Christmas program on December 20, 1951. The joint Glee Club sang an old folk song "Masters in This Hall" and a specially selected group of girls sang "O Holy Night" and "Gesu Bambino." Some other light Christmas songs were sung and everyone was put into a perfect Christmas mood. The fifth grade contributed to the program by putting on a little concert. It was at this holiday assembly that the students learned with regret that Mr. Cronemiller was leaving Kew-Forest. Of course they were all sad, but they were certainly very fortunate in getting as the new music teacher, Mr. Charles D. Walker. Mr. Walker immediately took all the singers under his wing and started on some new work.

This year the spring concert will be made up of folk songs. Some European and some American songs will be sung. It should prove very interesting and enjoyable. The commencement music will complete the year.

Every student with any musical talent or interest is urged to come to Glee Club. Every member enjoys his work and does have lots and lots of fun.

First row—Barbara Stokes, Faith Evans, Jessica Allan, Carol Egry, Geraldine Sparacio, Sandra Brown, Ann Kindred, Dorothy DeAngelis, Katherine Kindred. *Second row*—Diana Brookfield, Marilyn Jahn, Sondra Ziet, Georgine Smith, Nancy Allan (President), Jenny Hofman, Mary Alice Wasson, Joan Schimenti, Stephen Rosenthal, Gilbert Colombo, Alfred Toigo. *Third row*—Calvin Pohlman, Diane Bush, Barbara Taylor, Donald Lutz, Sally Morse, Tevis Morse, Robert Dixon (Librarian), Edward Coffey (Vice-President), Henry Assael, William Barnes. *Director*—Mr. Charles D. Walker.

Lower School Music

IN the music classes of the Lower School, the chief activity has been, naturally, singing.

This year members of the Primary Grades were given instruction in the basic principles of rhythm, and learned to become accustomed to the coordination of bodily motion with

First row—Marcia Cantor, Brenda LaGrange, Susan Stark. *Second row*—Monica Moran, Marlana Fink, Jeanmarie Manfredonia.

First row—Andrew Blum, Jonathan Cole, Richard Drellich, Brewster Heller. *Second row*—Morton Corin, Harold Dammann, Richard Barlow.

music. In this connection, the Third Grade pupils became Kew-Forest's specialists in the Gavotte—dancing it, of course, strictly in the eighteenth century style.

Intermediate Grades II, III, and IV were organized, respectively, into First Soprano, Second Soprano, and Alto parts, forming the three-part harmony used in the Lower School Glee Club. In this way, Glee Club music could be rehearsed by the separate parts during class periods, as well as in Glee Club rehearsals.

Performances at Assembly by various classes, as well as by the Glee Club, gave an incentive to learn the music well, with the result that the singers and their audience enjoyed themselves.

First row — David Dammann, John Shapkin, Jonathan Cole (Treasurer), Harold Dammann (President), Steven Kamerer, Thomas Curtis. *Second row*— Brewster Heller (Vice-President), J. Riley Smirnow, Joseph King, Richard Drellich, Richard Russo, Thomas Dadourian, Edgar Kent, William Baxt. *Third row*—Marc Himoff, Morton Corin, Eric Rieber, Stephen Masters, Harold Lippman. *Not present* — Foster Ballard (Secretary).

Boys and Girls Science Clubs

THIS is the Boys Science Club's second year. Miss Babette Harper has made it so that we boys can follow our natural interests.

We make all kinds of things such as models. First, a weather station was made and lots of boys were working with electricity. And what a success that was!

But after all one can't do the same thing all the time, so the new idea was to make model airplanes, boats and cars. Now there is an airport being made and airplane models are pouring in. Most of the models are made in class, but some are made at home.

Cleaning the miniature hot house and taking care of the plants is something that's easy and needs to be done.

The subject of rocks is interesting and one we all like. But the real secret is that we work with our hands. That's the Boys Science Club.

WE are the Girls Science Club of the Kew-Forest Lower School. Miss Babette Harper is our teacher and she shows us how to do interesting things such as reports, scrapbooks, pictures and many other projects.

The officers of our club are President, Brenda La Grange; Vice-President, Elyse Sergenian; Secretary, Judith Garber; Treasurer, Judith Hitzig.

For things we do, we are given points at the end of the term, and the three children with the most points are given prizes. Some girls are working on stones, others on electro magnets, a weather station, and a star planetarium. The planetarium was made by some of Intermediate II, and the weather station by Brenda La Grange, Elyse Sergenian and Judith Hitzig. Some of us have tried many experiments. A few of us want to go ahead and work on astronomy.

We all appreciate what Miss Harper is doing for us in the Science Club.

First row—Barbara Smith, Marlana Fink, Judith Hitzig (Treasurer), Louise Walker, Elyse Sergenian (Secretary), Joyce Carbine. *Second row*—Ione Kourides, Lois Snyder, Barbara White, Judith Garber (Vice-President), Brenda LaGrange (President). *Third row*—Janna Day, Eugenia Wild, Lynn Odlum, Jeanmarie Manfredonia, Jane Sullivan.

Co-chairmen Gilbert Colombo and Mary Alice Wasson and Secretary Ann Kindred.

The Camera Club

THE Camera Club is made up of those students who are camera enthusiasts and whose shots are selected for use in the yearbook.

The purpose of this club is to take both candid and open pictures of the activities and student life in and around Kew-Forest. Not one social or sporting event lacked the clicks and flashes of their cameras.

Students as well as teachers were equally surprised when they found they had been caught by the camera at some unsuspecting moment. But it was this lens and its owner that had recorded something special about the teachers and fellow students.

The most active and expert of the camera fans is Gilbert Colombo, co-chairman of the club. To him the *Blotter* is indebted for nearly all the contemporary pictures of the Seniors on the *Then and Now* pages of both the 1951 and 1952 issues of the yearbook as well as some of the shots in the *Students Eye-View of Kew-Forest*. Gil is almost professional.

The club welcomes new camera enthusiasts in the hope that each succeeding issue of the *Blotter* may be even better than the last.

Left to right—Barbara White, Harriet Walker, Edgar Kent, Cynthia Hess, Barbara Stokes, Monica Reis.

Left to right—Stephanie Smirnow, Diane Bush, Maryanne Trump, Peter Kray, Anthony Moran, Michael Magdol, Jenny Hofman (Chairman), Mary Coraci, Monica Moran, Gilbert Colombo, Joy Siegel, Dorothy DeAngelis, Martin Lieberman, Mrs. Agnes Moniz (Red Cross Volunteer).

Kew-Forest School Is Loyal to the American Red Cross

THE philanthropic work of Kew-Forest School is a project in which every member of the Faculty and every pupil from Kindergarten children through High School Seniors take part. The plans and hopes for twenty-seven years have been to encourage all in the School to think kindly of less fortunate people, and to give generously to them.

The appeals that come to the School are many and cover a large variety of organizations. To a long number of organizations and to many individuals, the School has contributed from year to year. In 1951-1952, the work has been concentrated on the American Red Cross which has been assisted in two drives. Looking forward to the Christmas season, the Lower School girls, boys and teachers filled one hundred and sixty-one green stockings with appropriate gifts for sick children in hospitals. The High School pupils and teachers filled one hundred and thirty-one red stockings for men of the Armed Services, ill or wounded, in United States Government Hospitals. Kew-Forest School lived up to the generous spirit of the past twenty-seven years. Two hundred and ninety-two sufferers, of different ages were made happier at Christmas time by these filled stockings.

As in 1951, this year the American Red Cross Flag was flying beneath the Flag of the United States of America, in the School yard, all during March, indicating to all passersby that Kew-Forest School was cooperating in the annual drive. Posters, banners, folders, membership cards were part of the publicity. There was a kindly, competitive spirit in the School, rooms vying with each other for first place. There was one banner for the Lower School and one for the High School to show each which two rooms were ahead. The total amount contributed was $582.34.

The Chairman of the Philanthropy Committee is Jenny Hofman, '52. The home room representatives are: Joy Siegel and Peter Kray, Room I; Dorothy DeAngelis and Mary Coraci, Room II; Gilbert Colombo and Martin Lieberman, Room III; Diane Bush and Maryanne Trump, Room IV; Stephanie Smirnow and Robert Dixon, Room V; Michael Magdol and Anthony Moran, Room VI. The Lower School Teachers and Dean Lucy Allen Smart are the Advisers.

Academic Awards for 1950-51

MARILYN JAHN was awarded the *Highest Individual Scholarship Cup,* presented by the Class of 1932. Doris Kaiser won the *Carol Ann Hawkes Cup for Scholarship Improvement.*

Four Freedoms Scholarship, $100.00, gift of Mr. Julius Stulman, awarded to Vasilia Contomanolis.

The Guy H. Catlin Memorial Awards of Government Bonds, presented by Mrs. Catlin, were won by Harry Max Lieberman, John Robert Brehmer and Frances Margaret Sparacio.

The Student Contributing the Most to Kew-Forest School, 1950-51, the Millar Cup, awarded to Harry Max Lieberman.

Long Island Daily Press Medal for the Valedictorian, awarded to Harry Max Lieberman.

Long Island Daily Press Medal for the Varsity Athlete-Best Scholar, awarded to Margaret Irene Streifler.

Ann Koch Memorial Award for leadership in Philanthropy, to Harry Max Lieberman and Carole Ann Magdol.

Best Citizen Award, presented by American Legion, Forest Hills Post, awarded to Daniel Carver Fales. Honorable Mention to Frances Margaret Sparacio.

Social Studies Cup, gift of Honorable Nicholas M. Pette, awarded to Anthony Michael Miranda.

English Cup, presented by Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Kroll, in memory of Jeffrey Kroll, to the pupil who has done the best work in English for four years, awarded to Lois Ann Lehrman.

Rosalind and Muriel Levine Cup, for Best Rating in French Among Juniors and Seniors, won by Lois Moss. *Suzanne van Dyke Cup for Most Progress in French,* won by Charles Barton.

The Schumann Cup for Best Student in Spanish, awarded to Marie-Lise Gazarian.

Best Student in Chemistry Cup, presented by Sherman E. Weiser, '41, Philadelphia Textile Institute, '48, awarded to John Robert Brehmer. Honorable Mention, Donald Patrick Manning.

Best Achievement in Public Speaking Cup, awarded to Lois Moss. Honorable Mention, Doris Kaiser.

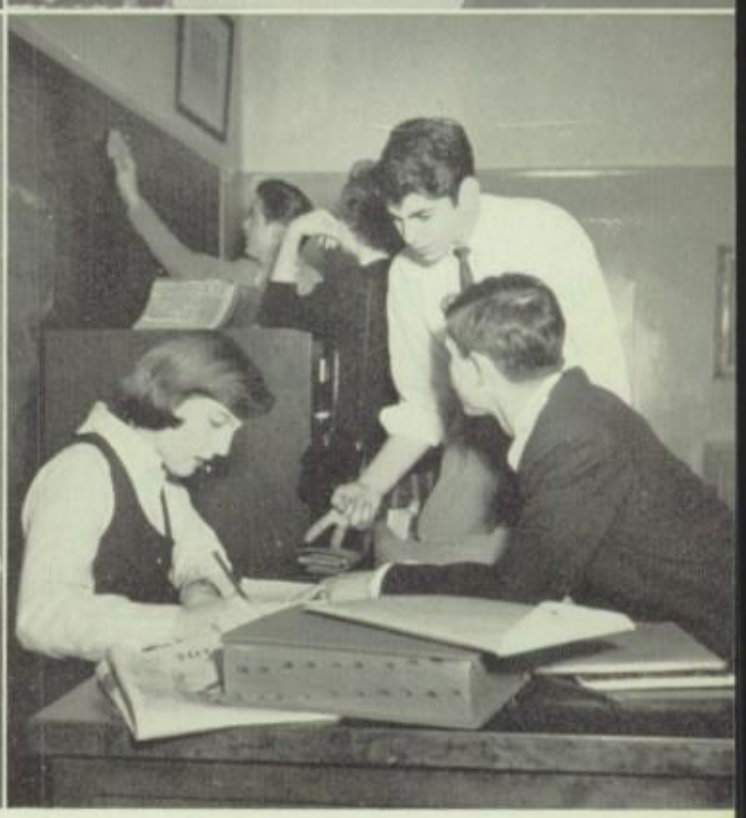
For Excellent Work, Leadership in Music, a Plaque, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Brown, awarded to Morris Paul Tenner.

Time-Current Affairs Contest, Globe, won by Charles Ivan Castro, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Berman Cup, for Most Satisfactory Work in Latin, awarded to David Ailion.

The Attendance Cup, presented by Dean Lucy Allen Smart, awarded to Haig Dadourian, Martin Lieberman, Frances Margaret Sparacio.

Medals, bronze or gold, with seal of Kew-Forest School, were awarded the individual, honor pupils. These medals are made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Koch, in memory of their daughter, Ann Koch.



BETWEEN THE ACTS

First row, top—Time Out for a Snack. Hitting the Books. Uncle Charlie. *Second row*—Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot. Forty Winks. "Hot Combo!" *Third row*—Seconds? The Pause That Refreshes. We Take Your Words.

The Stars as

Left:
Future Congresswoman—Lucy Fitzgerald, awarded *Citation to the Best Pupil in Elementary Social Studies.*

Right:
Fellow Americans — Lois Moss, awarded *The Best Achievement in Public Speaking Cup.*

Left:
Sudden Inspiration — Janice Wolford, Artist of 1952 BLOTTER.

Right:
Never Miss a Day—Martin Lieberman, and Haig Dadourian, *Perfect Attendance Cup.*

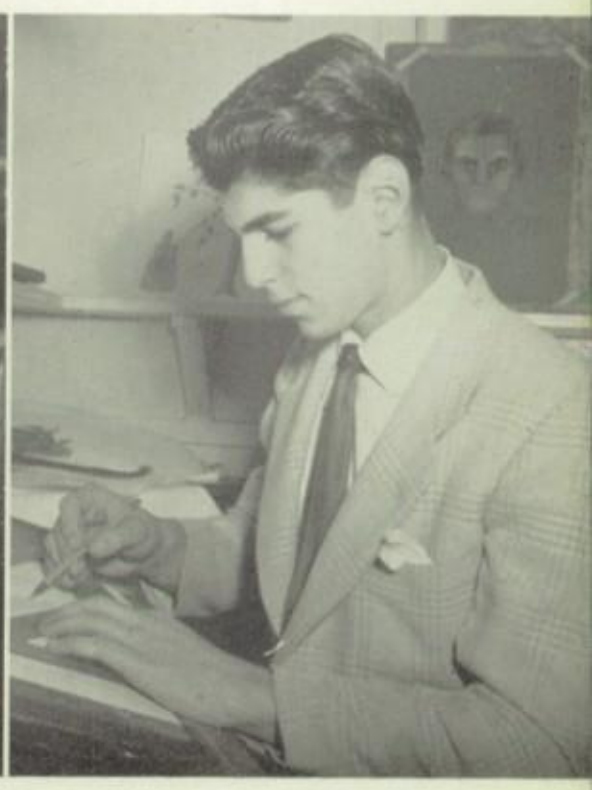
Left:
Young Einstein — David Ailion, awarded *Citation to the Best Pupil in Elementary Science.*

Right:
Au Tableau Noir—Ann Weingarden, awarded *Most Progress in French Cup.*

Kew-Forest Sees Them

Left:
Here's Another Ad — Joan Schimenti, awarded prize *For Efficient Work as Co-Business Manager of* BLOTTER, *1951.*

Right:
Art for Art's Sake—Dikran Simidian, awarded *Honors in Art.*



Left:
Friendly Rivalry — Ann Kindred and Janice Wolford, Captains of Red and Blue Teams, respectively.

Right:
Portrait of a Young Artist—Barbara Taylor, awarded *Honors in Art.*

Left:
Seeking Words of Wisdom—Doris Kaiser, awarded *The Most Improvement in Scholarship Cup.*

Right:
Shh, Genius at Work — Marilyn Jahn, awarded *Highest Individual Scholarship Cup.*

Literature 3

These are the scenes which give us rein

To use our wit and tease our brain.

Ideas fantastic, solemn, wise

Our fancies wrap in deep disguise.

Hail Caesar?

HISTORY tests had always been painful, and this one was almost fatal. I lifted my head and gasped for air, then plunged back into the fog of the question sheet. Caesar was not the only one Brutus wounded. He gave me one or two mortal stabs, too. I scribbled a date on my paper and hoped that it was the same one which Brutus chose for his violent deed. I twisted around in my chair and glanced at the clock. Ten more minutes. I looked around the room at the other pupils. Their faces were a study varied and amusing.

A few of the very brightest were through and were smiling at each other in smug satisfaction. The very stupid were also finished. Some of them slumped down in their chairs, with the air of men who have gone through the inquisition and come out without revealing anything. The rest of the not intellectually endowed stared blankly at their papers, using their pencils to exercise their jaws, not their fingers. Sometimes they looked upward at the ceiling as though the answers might be found there.

A few students, inspired by the pressing lack of time, wrote quickly, covering pages with their probably illegible ideas.

Brrrrrrrr! Brrrrrrrr!

The bell! And I hadn't finished those last few questions! Oh well! I uttered a short prayer, threw my paper on the pile and dashed out the door.

PHYLLIS EITINGON, '54

Affinity

I have learned to know your footsteps,
And as you brush behind me,
The breeze of your brief passing
Is scarlet heat upon my neck.

But I must not look
As you stroll across the room.
I know that if once
I turn my eyes to peek at you,
You would feel my glance and seethe
Resentment, strange to me,
But certain.

Why should I look?
I see more of you
With my sullen, hurt look toward you,
Than do the curious ones who stare.

DORIS KAISER, '52

Fate

I love you not because my heart is free,
Nor do I love you only when you're close to me.
I do not flaunt you as a prize before the rest,
As just one more whose attributes have met the test.

I am no saint who sees her course laid out,
For my unsure young mind has room for doubt.
Although I know that there are faults in you,
I have no ardent hope to build anew.

No bonds, nor chains, can thwart this love of mine.
It knows no reason and no boundary line.
I cannot ever hope to make you see
My love is indefinable—it has to be.

Lois Moss, '52

Dark Memories

I STILL remember the day when my sister, mother, and I were put in a concentration camp in the Dutch East Indies, now called Indonesia. We were put in a three room house with eighty people and no plumbing. There we existed for a whole year.

I'll never forget the first night. The children moaned and wailed fretfully, preventing what sleep might have been possible for the adults. The night passed slowly, wearily as we lay on the hard floor of the veranda, harassed by the crushing misery of captivity and defeat and the torment of mosquitoes. When the first light came, we were all in a very unhappy state and very few of us had slept at all. The Japanese were walking around shouting to each other in a terrifying manner, while we sat and waited for what might happen.

I remember that no food was provided for us that morning by the Japanese. In the middle of the morning an interrogation began. We were taken to the office, where a Japanese captain sat with a lieutenant at his side, who made notes and showed us the directions to our house. For the remainder of the day we sat in stunned desperation; those who had luggage sorted hopelessly through it. Most of us had very little and some of us made packs that would hold essentials and yet would not be too heavy to carry by oneself. The position of mothers with children was very tragic because it was almost impossible for them to carry the necessities for each of their children.

Finally, at five in the afternoon, we received our first meal in twenty-four hours, vegetable soup and rice. This, incidentally, was our unvarying diet at five p.m. with a three-inch piece of unbuttered bread for each of the other two meals. We received little medical attention and very few drugs during our stay in camp. Soon several diseases attacked us, and the nights were made hideous by screaming children stumbling through the night with their mothers. With eighty people in one small house, one can imagine the chaos. Then after a few months, when we were finally getting accustomed to our houses, we were again moved to a similar building in the same camp.

Our morning and afternoon inspections were quite unpleasant, women and children being dragged out to stand in line for half an hour waiting until the Japanese officer saw that everyone was present.

Finally, after twelve months, we were moved to another camp, in another part of Indonesia. The conditions were the same in each of the camps to which we were moved at yearly intervals except that the food grew less and less.

The four years seemed endless, but at long last we were finally liberated, fourteen days after the Japanese surrender. I don't think I'll ever forget that day. I remember that I just couldn't believe it. We soon learned from documents that were captured that the main intention of the Japanese had been to eliminate all white people in their hands by slow starvation. We had escaped by a narrow margin.

In only a few weeks we heard that my father had been liberated in Siam, where he had been shipped to work on the Burma Railroad. After a four years' separation we were reunited in Siam, and the few months that followed in that country were some of the happiest. Then we realized what life and freedom really are and what they can give us. We made friends with the Siamese people who showed us their city full of beautiful temples.

After a wonderful stay in this delightful country, we went to Holland, where we finally had an opportunity to begin our education. After a year in Holland, my parents came to the United States of America and my sister and I stayed with relatives in Holland. Then after finding out a little about this country, my parents sent for us.

I had made only a few friends during these dark years. I was very happy, therefore, to make so many friends both in Spence and Kew-Forest Schools. In fact, these past four years in the United States have been the happiest years of my life.

JENNY HOFMAN, '52

Days Gone By

"When I was a boy," Grandpa would say,
"We weren't soft, like young 'uns today.
We walked to school five miles or so,
Often through storms, or drifts of snow.

There were cows to milk, and seeds to sow,
And many a day I spent with the hoe.
We had no tractors or fancy tools,
But did our plowing by teams of mules.

There was lots of work and chores to be done,
But still my youth was plenty of fun.
How I long for the good old days!
The folks gathered 'round the fireplace,

We'd sit 'til late and all spin yarns,
While cold winds whistled 'round the barns.
And summertime—out in the woods,
Or the general store, with its fancy goods.
Ay, pleasant memories, then,
When salt was salt, and men were men!"
Then, Grandpa, with a faraway look,
Would take off his glasses, and put down his book.
He'd put back his head, and with a sigh,
Would sleep, and dream of days gone by.

WILLIAM BARNES, '52

Sea Dog

HIS name is Error—undignified perhaps, but suitable for a mongrel. No one knows how he is rated in the files of Bupers. But there is no doubt about the impressive service-jacket made out for him aboard the AD to which he reports regularly at mess call.

His service record is much longer than that of the average veteran. He entered the Navy as a tiny pup, small enough to be smuggled aboard in the pocket of a pea-jacket. When his CM was hit in the Philippine Sea, he was the only survivor in the compartment aft of the bridge. The bald spot on his tail is a reminder of the burst which took the lives of his nine shipmates.

His dangerous days are over. He is not curious about the new activity at the naval base. He pays little attention to the great number of newcomers. There is no barking or wagging of the tail in response to a greeting. The enlisted men always manage to have him well groomed before inspection. On such an occasion he always sits quietly in the rear ranks.

Two dislikes sometimes arouse him to his old vigor. He hates tugboats and "jarheads" in dress uniform. When a tugboat passes the pier, he barks at it furiously. The "chiefs" explain this by saying that he imagines the "monkey fists" at the side of the boat are unfriendly animals. No one is certain as to the cause of his hatred of marines. Perhaps in times past, a disdainful leatherneck booted him. Some say a vengeful "swabby," angry because a marine had stolen his "date," trained the dog to wage ceaseless war on the brilliant dress uniform.

It was in keeping with the traditions of the Sixth Naval District that Error should be on hand at the commissioning exercises for a division of DD's. He was in perfect form in the rear rank,—that is, until a color guard of four marines headed down the pier. With full steam up, he sprang forward. Between convincing growls, he tried his teeth on the uniform of the nearest marine. The junior officers looked on nervously, but the "three-stripers" and even the Admiral chuckled. The unlucky marine, his left trouser leg in shreds, withdrew from the scene as quietly as the dog would permit.

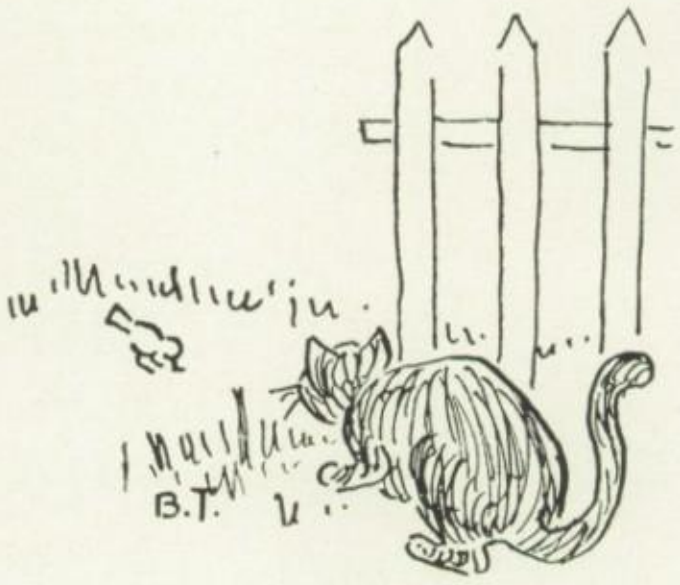
There was no court-martial. For the good of the service a quiet understanding was reached. Error should be chained aboard ship on full dress occasions whenever marines were present. But there was no reprimand, no loss of privileges or restrictions of liberty. Any action of this kind would have been an ungrateful rebuff to an old sea dog who had such a fine record and who had so ably upheld the Navy's side of the argument with the marines.

ROBERT DIXON, '56

The Stalking

The old tom cat crouched by the fence,
His hard, lean body curved in an arch,
His paws kneading the earth in taut expectancy,
His yellow eyes intense as two full moons
Upon the little sparrow in the grass.
How his tail did ache to wave
And thrash the air,
But he was stilled
By some strange savage instinct,
For there could be no sign
To the little bird hopping in the grass.
I watched,
Paralyzed by a strange fascination
As the sparrow bobbed closer—
Round he was, like a little ball
On a rubber string.
The tom crouched lower—hard and cold,
A spring of steel wound tight,
Yellow eyes wide with savage greediness.
With a jolt I awoke;
I scooped up a pebble and tossed it;
The sparrow fluttered to safety.
Then, with a look of disgusted nonchalance,
The cat arose from his crouch
And slithered off,
Leaving me but one last withering glance.

BARBARA TAYLOR, '53



Telltale Eyes

I look into your shining eyes
And see a look that makes me wise,
For though you're only four years old,
The secrets of your sex are told
To me, by those brown eyes.

One minute they're full of play
(I've seen the big girls look that way.)
The next with tears they quickly fill
Or flash with angry looks to kill
Poor me . . . those big brown eyes.

And as I watch them do their tricks
I wonder, and then something clicks:
I've learned a lesson—sad but true—
That all the girls are just like you,
Little sisters—with telltale eyes.

DAVID GIBSON, '53

The Family

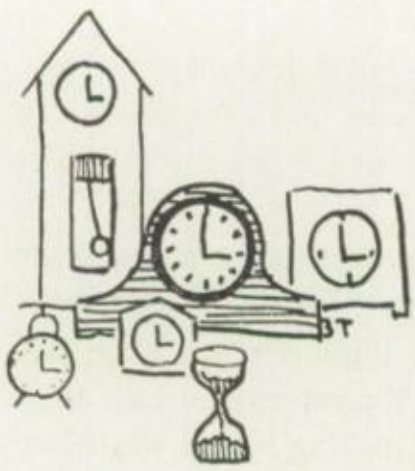
Our greatest earthly institution is the family.
All life revolves about it.
The family symbolizes all in life
That is good, and real, and abounding with kindness and joy.
It is the thought that has inspired many a masterpiece,
That has led many a leader to his zenith,
That has carried many a wanderer home.
But above all—
It is the family that has given to all generations
A feeling of security, of love, of warmth.
We see a small boy cradled in a mother's protecting arms;
A boy and his father walking a lonesome, dusty road at dusk, quietly talking;
We see the family together at dinner saying grace, giving thanks.
Life and peace and hope begin and end
With the family.

JANICE WOLFORD, '53

A Day of Spring

Each year when winter's at its height
And folks are feeling low,
From snow and storm and cold wind bite
And wishing it would go,
God seems to pity human plight
And sends a spring-like day.
And man, refreshed, takes up the fight
'Til winter's passed away.

BRUCE GIBSON, '54



Obsession

They say that confession is good for the soul,
Especially if Heaven's your ultimate goal!
So since my pet peeve has become an obsession,
I am now compelled to resort to confession!
When I'd like to sleep peacefully until eleven,
The alarm clock awakens me promptly at seven.
I'd like to assemble my wardrobe with taste,
But the clock only warns me to do it in haste.
To dine is a pleasure, when leisurely done,
But the clock gives me time just to grab, gulp and run!
No wonder my hatred has reached such a peak!
I'm tortured by clocks every day of the week!
My work and my pleasure, my hopes and my plans,
Are dependent completely upon the clock's hands.
A leisurely life they constantly mock!
There should be a law, outlawing the clock!

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL, '53

Miracle in Korea

WE were a patrol of twenty men, making our way far behind enemy lines, doing scouting of North Korean gun emplacements, and the like. We traveled light. Each man had camouflaged clothes on, a hunting knife, a canteen, enough rations for three days, and a .30-.30 army carbine. The sergeant who was leading the patrol carried a Thompson sub-machine gun. For ammunition we had forty rounds for each of the carbines, and five clips for the Tommy gun. Our job was to scout, not fight, so our armament was light.

Everything was going according to schedule, until we ran smack into a Red patrol. The chatter and crackle of small arms fire split the still air. Our carbines were no match for their automatic weapons, and they poured lead into us.

After that, there were nineteen Americans who wouldn't need guns or food. I escaped only by luck, playing possum, and getting away with it. I salvaged what I could out of the food supply, and swapped my carbine for the sergeant's Tommy gun, which he wouldn't need any more.

All I had to do now was make my way back to our lines. Which direction I had to travel in, I didn't know, as we had been back-tracking, and side-tracking, and the only compass had been smashed by a bullet. The sky was overcast; so it was impossible to tell the direction by the sun.

In three directions were North Koreans; in the other, there were Americans, and I couldn't even be sure about that. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I walked, and I walked, and I walked.

Finally, after what seemed like about fifty miles, but was actually only about fifteen, I spied a house, with food, I hoped. There was food, all right, with some well-armed enemy troops eating it. As I had exhausted all my rations, I figured it was now or never. Within five seconds there were five less North Korean soldiers, one less officer, and one bullet-conditioned North Korean house, courtesy of the Tommy gun.

The soldiers had killed the occupants of the house; so I helped myself to the meager food. The house was crawling with maggots, flies and worms, and the stench of death hung heavy in the air. However, I had to sleep here for lack of a better place.

I was up at the crack of dawn, when I figured out what direction I had to go in, via the sun, and tightly clutching the gun, my lease on life, I walked many uneventful miles until the sun was low in the west.

That night I slept under the stars, only there wasn't a star, and it was cold. The pangs of hunger gnawed at my stomach, but there was little I could do about it, except sleep. The following day I was on the march again. This time I almost ran into a North Korean troop column. I skirted behind them, and around to the left, when I spied a straggler. He didn't make a sound when I slit his throat.

It looked as if the North Koreans were marching to the front, so I trailed them, while wondering how to get behind American lines without getting shot.

I found the answer in a most unexpected way. During the night a tank column of T-34s came up and bedded down. I hit upon a crazy scheme. I crept around to a fully outfitted tank, in battle condition, and knifed the guard. Then, making sure it was ready to run, I rounded up the crew, who were sleeping nearby. Seeing my Tommy gun, they didn't make any fuss.

The driver spoke a broken English, and he acted as my interpreter. We climbed into the tank and in the morning rode with the rest of the tank column. We left at about 9:00 A.M. Barring American bazookas or planes, the plan would work.

When we finally arrived within sight of the American lines, we walked into an ambush. Immediately, under my directions, the driver swung the tank around, and we began using the machine-guns and the big cannon on their former owners. Bazookas made short work of the other tanks, and we were ordered to surrender, under the watchful gun of a tank-destroyer, by the surprised American commander.

ALAN MISHLER, '53

The Old House

The house itself is standing
Deserted and forlorn,
And since the people left it,
Its bleakness it has bourne.

The grass has turned to bushy weeds
And covered up the path,
And one poor tree is standing,
As if an aftermath.

The roof has lost its chimney,
The porch has blown away,
And the crooked wooden steps
Have started to decay.

Rain has washed away the paint
And broken window panes,
But this run-down skeleton
In spirit still remains.

JOAN GERTZ, '56

Social Dancing in Stages

THE average grade school boy has so many problems, of which dancing seems to be one of the most difficult. It isn't that he doesn't know how to fox trot—it's just that the girls all seem so awkward on the dance floor. Most girls take ballroom dancing lessons on Friday nights. They are the ones that count out loud, excuse themselves for mistakes and watch their feet. As a result, a simple dance becomes a scientific experiment.

Then there are girls that practice dancing at home with their girl friends. They buy all the newest records, and make up new steps. When they get on the dance floor, they confuse the boy terribly by leading him. The girl decides that the boy is a poor date because he can't dance, and the boy looks for another partner.

We then come to the rhythm bug. She is the girl with so much rhythm that she makes her partner a nervous wreck. She succeeds in giving the boy a terrible complex, and he usually stops dancing altogether.

There are always girls that try to be graceful on the dance floor. They turn out like limp rags and look as though they would fall apart if the boy were not there to hold them up.

In conclusion, high school boys take their dates to the movies and avoid the many problems that come up during their experimental dancing careers.

SUSAN SPARER, '56

God's Will

"Trust God's Will!" I had always been told.
"Life's a great plan
Worked out so intricately that
The mortal mind cannot comprehend
The great purpose it will fulfill!"
But when I heard the message that
One of the two who loved me most was gone,
My brain was dulled and
My heart, numbed.
My first thought was that
My life was over, too—
But my inner being whispered
That I would live.
Then the devils of my listless self
Shouted raucously,
"He's gone; he won't be back!"
I wanted to scream and cry
As the stark reality dawned upon me,
But a Supreme Being guided
My actions to temporary calm.
And yet again, "He's gone! He NEVER will come back!"
I couldn't believe that awful fact
For an indescribably horrible instant in which
I realized he could come back to me in spirit only.
"He's gone! He'll not be back!
You'll never know his love again!"
But now I defy them; for I know
He will be with me in that
Unknown destination called Eternity.

FRANCES WILSON, '54

Ode to a Vacuum Cleaner

I screweth up mine courage and approach thy closet door,
Where thy wretched man-made limbs lie, all scattered on the floor.
Thy many chromium twisted pipes art "willy-nilly" there,
'Mongst miles and miles of 'lectric cord, coiled in thy dim lair.
Thou wickedest contrivance—thou writhing, bucking leech,
"Man is master, thou the slave," not backwards, whining screech!
Today in full command of thee I'll guide thee o'er my realm
Of living-room grey carpet, nonchalantly at thy helm.
No more to retch thy dust bag out upon the front hall floor.
No! Thou shalt suck, and suck, and suck! Thou throwest me no more.
L'envoi:
Vacuum, vacuum, say thy prayers, my warning I instill.
Vacuum, vacuum, be resigned! Today I break thy will!

DORIS KAISER, '52

Reflection

A turbid pool of silver sand—
Infinite, silent, profound—
Into which broken wings of thought
Have glided and then drowned.
Shimm'ring ghosts of shattered dreams,
Golden leaves of blithesome years,
Slip into this murky pond
Of the silver sand of unkissed tears.

ANN WEINGARDEN, '54

Youth

Youth,
Like a snowflake,
Is gone before valued.
It is enraptured beauty,
Spring in its bloom,
Laughter of the joyous,
And frivolity of light hearts.
This is youth—
Treasured as a memory,
By the aged—
But looked upon by the young
As merely a way of life.

GAIL GIFFORD, '52

Number Four

The game was tied, and time was going.
The teams were tired—the pace was slowing
Number Four was fouled from the side.
One more point would turn the tide.
He took his time, the shot was bad.
The other team and the crowd went mad.
They had the ball, this time they'd score.
A pass, a steal by Number Four.
But he was pushed, one shot was his.
This time he hoped he wouldn't fizz.
Two seconds left, he made a wish.
The ball shot up and through there, "swish."
The buzzer buzzed—the game was o'er
The goat's the hero, Number Four.

TONY MORAN, '55

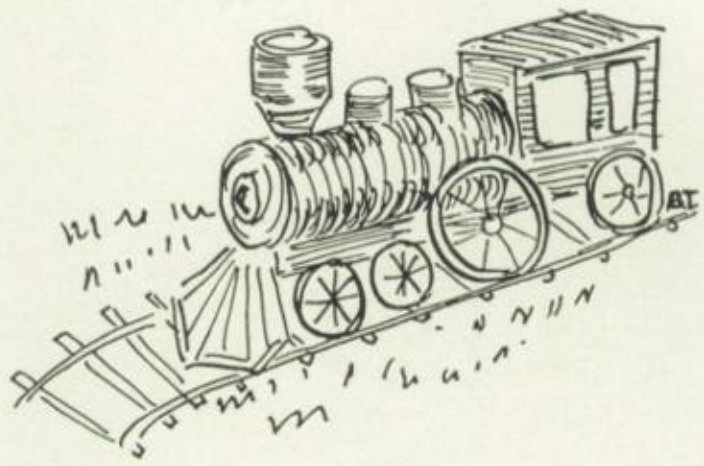
Train of Yesterday

When the night is cold and silent,
And I'm standing all alone,
I long for that mournful whistle
Of number forty going home.

Her headlight pierced the darkness,
As round the curve she'd sway,
And I can almost see her coming
Even to this day.

Now the rails are old and rusty,
And the grass has grown between,
And the glory's gone forever
On the Denver and Revine.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, '56



The Sea

The moon, shining down on an empty sea,
Leaves a shimmer of light for humans to see,
A pathway of light coming right to the sand,
Showing waves pounding in like the drums of a band.

How different the sea in the morning light,
The waves topped with foam of frothing white,
Pink lined clouds floating lazily by,
Seagulls flying in the light blue sky.

The sea may be good, the sea may be kind,
Some people dread it and some think it fine;
But whatever way you feel toward the sea,
God created it for you and me.

CAROL EGRY, '56

Night Into Morning

Night —
Wind in the trees,
Snow, frost,
Crisp night air;
Black swaying silhouettes,
Crackling ice underfoot,
Blue smoke on the horizon;
Crisp cutting air,
Moon growing pale,
Golden winks of light —
Morning.

GEORGINE SMITH, '52

My Country

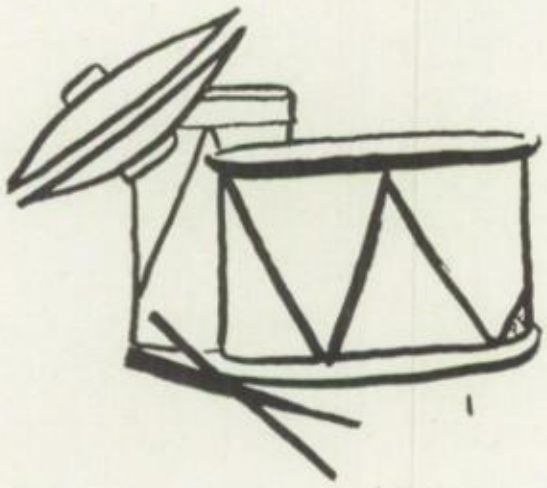
From seventeen hundred seventy-six
To nineteen fifty-one,
We've kept our country free and strong,
With courage, sword and gun.

From Bennington to Gettysburg,
Iwo Jima to Seoul,
We've kept our flag above all flags,
With freedom as our goal.

From the frigate Constitution,
To the deck of the Big Mo,
We've sowed the seeds of freedom,
And crushed the mighty foe.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, '56

The Drums



The snare drum, the snare drum,
The rattling drum of the warlike day,
Surging the throb of its ceaseless play
Into the breasts that hug its way,
Turning a youth to his mother to say,
"It's the snare drum, the snare drum,
The rattling drum of the warlike day."

The hum drum, the hum drum,
The sleepy drum of the peaceful day,
Forgetting itself in its very play,
Grasping a note in a half shamed way,
Then pausing a moment with its neighbor to say,
"It's the hum drum, the hum drum,
The sleepy drum of the peaceful day."

NORMAN HUBBARD, '52

The Rescue

IT was a cold, wintry evening. New Hampshire had just had one of its typical, heavy snowfalls. I entered the cabin in which my parents and I had been spending a few days while skiing and relaxing. Looking forward to an evening of needed solitude, I bade my parents goodbye as they made their way down the steep slope to a movie. I was ready to sleep for three days straight. Perhaps if I had been a better skier, I should not have been so tired, but after four hour lessons of herring bones, snowplows and snowplow turns, I guarantee a day ending in sheer exhaustion.

Before retiring I stirred up a crackling fire which helped soothe my numb toes and icy fingers. The room slowly warmed up. "Ahh, just the right time to read my skiing manual," I thought to myself, as I fluffed up the soft pillows of the armchair. There I sat, snug as a bug, while outside the howling wind and blinding snow brought the temperature down to two below zero. Glancing at the window from time to time, I watched the frost climbing about the glass panes until it resembled a piece of my mother's exquisite, french cut glass. My state of idleness encouraged daydreams. "This is certainly the life for me—no school, no homework—Ahh——.'

Suddenly a piercing cry echoed through the air. I became tense and looked about me. What could it have been and where had it come from? I listened again for its eerie sound. The noises of the storm made it impossible to distinguish the whereabouts of the cry. It seemed to come closer and closer. Maybe the people in the nearby cabin had also heard it. Perhaps they had gone out and investigated? Should I go out in this blizzard and see if I could help? No, I decided, because I should have to get all bundled up again and I was sure it was just the wind.

However, five minutes later, I was bundled up and donning my boots. I opened the door; snow blasted my face. It was dark and freezing outside. Staggering in the high drifts, I cleared my way about with my hands. After a desperate search, I found what I had been seeking.

They say, "Curiosity kills the cat." Well, I disagree with that proverb, for you see I had just tried to save one, but in this case, the bobcat almost killed me, leaving scars for many a day.

MONICA REIS, '54

Lament

No one kneels by the soldier's grave
Who's died in order that he might save
The life of a man he's never met,
Who now lives instead of my son. . . .

My son who'll ever lie quiet and still
Across the world on some foreign hill
So that before me a boy may stand
And live instead of my son.

This boy has just one thing to say:
To tell that for at least one day
A man has knelt by a grave and mourned
That he lives instead of my son.

PHYLLIS EITINGON, '54

A Wish

I'd like to be the kind of friend you've
always been to me,
A sort of guiding hand upon life's turbulent sea.
I'd like to give the kind of smile you gave
me every day,
A ray of sunshine that lit up the darkness
of my way.
I'd like to lend the helping hand you never
failed to give,
To find in life the worth of what it really
means to live.
I'd like to give you back the love you always
gave to me,
But you will never need it now —
You've reached Eternity.

JOAN CONLAN, '54

Today's Lesson

I watched, but didn't seem to see.
I listened, but didn't seem to hear.

The water was clear and calm.
The sky was a glorious blue.
I felt the warm sand beneath my feet.
The sun covered my back.
My shadow bathed in the surf.
I started walking—the water
Surrounded my legs;
Soon it encircled my shoulders.
Then, as I watched the little waves approaching,
I saw one that seemed to drink up
The other ones.
I tried to turn away from it,
But it was too late—
Everything went black.
I heard a hollow singing,
Then the sound becoming sharper,

. . . "Turn—turn, Anita. Stop day-dreaming.
It's your turn!"

ANITA FIDDELMAN, '53

The Dying Hobo

Within the shaking box-car
The dying hobo lay;
No one knew, and no one cared
If he should pass away.
His soul was weak and weary,
His eyes were dull and sad.
He dreamed about his wasted life,
And the breaks he'd never had.
He had no place to call his home;
His life was constant pain,
For he was just a railroad bum,
Who died out in the rain.
They found him dead that morning,
His body on the floor;
His soul had gone to a better land;
His feet would roam no more.

CHARLES BARTON, '53

LOWER SCHOOL LITERATURE

The Dentist

In the spring and in the fall,
Comes a visit for us all,
To a place that we all dread,
How I wish I'd stayed in bed!

In his chair I get the shakes,
Thinking of the many aches.
First a picture then a drill,
Mouth open wide against my will.

A voice says, "Now this won't take long,"
Then he starts to sing a song,
While I sit and stare
At the instruments in the air.

If a hole he should find,
I would almost lose my mind,
Thinking of the drilling,
That must come before the filling.

Then to my surprise,
I hear, "Open up your eyes,
I find nothing. That is all;
I'll see you in the fall."

IONE KOURIDES, '60

What Happened to the Snake

I WAS out walking with my Daddy. We saw a snake. The snake began to crawl up on me, so I hit him with an apple, but that didn't do any good 'cause the snake ate the apple all up. My Daddy was real brave. He touched him—then my Daddy died. After that my mother took Daddy to the Hospital.

CAROL HANSEN, Age 5

The Mouse Trap

I ONCE saw a mouse trap with a big piece of cheese and a little mouse, that I named Nibby, trying to get it. The little mouse had an idea.

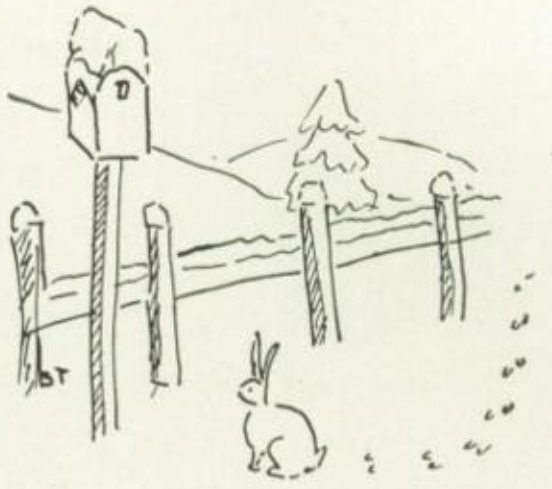
"I'll get my sister," Nibby said. "She'll do anything for me. I'll tell her to go to the mousetrap and get the cheese."

He found his sister hiding in a hole and she said, "I will help you."

But the trap snapped shut so fast she almost got caught. Her brother saved her by pulling her out by the tail. Then they took the cheese to a hole behind the stove and ate it all for their supper.

LOUISE WALKER, '59

Snow



Snow flakes, snow flakes falling down,
You have wandered to many a town,
And are so beautiful, crystal clear,
I wish you were with us throughout the year.
And now you are tired from traveling afar,
So gently you settle just where you are.

ELYSE SERGENIAN, '57

Beauty

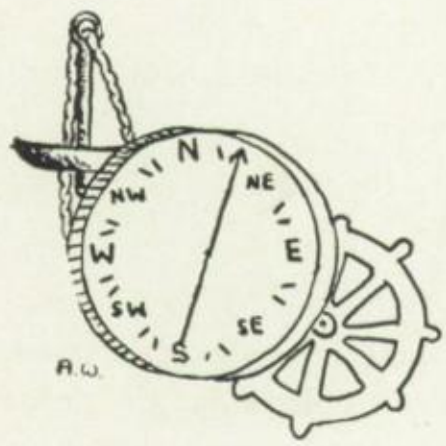
There is beauty in the mountains
There is beauty in the seas
There is beauty all about me
Even in the breeze.

Every little flower, whether budding
Or in bloom, has the sweetest scent
Of beauty like the best of French perfume.

Every creek that trickles water with
Its lustrous color of blue,
And the trees in early morn with
Their honey-dripping dew.

And the grass that feels so soft
To the tiny barefoot toes—
That is the beauty in the earth
Only a poet knows.

BARBARA SMITH, '59



The Sea

The sea, the sea, how I love the sea.
Its clear blue waters bring memories to me,
Where thousands of ships sail with time,
And some do down in the deep green brine.
The sea, the sea, how I love the sea,
And only a sailor's life for me.
As my ship sails out with the running tide,
My soul and compass are my guide.

RICHARD BARLOW, '58

My Constant Friend

I have a little friend whom you cannot feel at all.
Sometimes he's very short and sometimes very tall.
I never do feel lonely 'cause I know he's always there,
On the dimly lighted street at night or the sunshine on the stair.
He is lots of fun to talk to though he cannot answer back.
I'll tell you who he is now—He's my shadow I call "Mack."

BRUCE HELLER, '57

The Baby Next Door

Our neighbor has a little girl
With whom I have such fun.
She is but a baby,
But oh, what she has done!

She claps her hands,
She waves bye-bye,
She even laughs,
And she'll even cry.

She keeps her mother on the run.
I'm glad at home I'm the only one.

MARTHA ANN DREYER, '60

The Easter Bunny

Will someone tell me how the Easter bunny
Lays eggs of yellow, red, and blue?
It always seems so funny,
I don't believe it—it can't be true.

I have never seen an Easter bunny,
I don't know how long he wears his ears,
I have tried with all my money
To buy one, for the last six years.

I would like to be a rabbit,
With a little nose shiny and pink,
And I'd bring to all the children
All the things they want to think.

NICKY KOURIDES, Age 6

Just One Present

Ah see's ya thar, Mista Santa Claus,
A please do me a favor,
I ain't had no Christmas presents,
Since Ah was a lil' shaver.

Mammy says Ah'm an angel,
Mah pappie says so, too;
So please let me celebrate Christmas
Like other chilluns do.

Just one present, a little doll,
With curly hair and such,
With big blue eyes, and fancy dress,
Ah'd like one so very much.

I'll try to be a good lil' girl,
And do just what Ah'm told,
So that on Christmas mornin',
A lil' doll Ah'l hold.

MARCIA CANTOR, '57

Nancy and Whiskers

Nancy and whiskers are my little cats,
I dress them both up in my dollie's hats.
They play with balls all over the house,
And are both very fond of a small rubber mouse.

LILA WOLFF, AGE 7

Winter Fun

Snow flakes falling to the ground,
Children playing all around,
Throwing snow balls at each other,
One was hit; that was my brother.

BROOKE MARTIN, '60

My Dog Tony

Tony, my dog, is truly my friend.
He's gentle and kind and such fun.
He's white and he's woolly,
And I can pretend he's a lamb
'Cause he looks like one.

Three ribbons he has, that he won on his own.
Each one made him all the merrier.
Walking so proudly each time he was shown—
That's Tony, my Bedlington Terrier.

JEANMARIE MANFREDONIA, '58

Gus the Mouse

GUS is a mouse. He has a plump stomach and a long tail that wiggles all over when he moves. All day long he plays with his friends and gets into mischief. He gets all the cheese out of the icebox and runs away before anyone can catch him. But one day the cat was ready, and when Gus got out of his hole, the cat caught him. But Gus was smart. He squirmed right out of her paw. The cat became so angry that she began to tear up the house, but then the master came. He threw the cat right out of the house, and from then on Gus had no more trouble.

THOMAS DADOURIAN, '59

Look at the Snow!

Look at the snow!
Look at the snow!
Let's all take our sleds and go.
Up the hill we walk slow, slow,
And drag our red sleds in the snow;
But once at the top of the hill we know
That like the wind they'll go, go, go,
Whizzing down to the flat below.
Oh the fun as we swiftly fly
Over the snow like a bird on high!
It takes our breath as our sleds speed by;
No one's as happy as you and I!
. . . Summers may go,
But we like the snow, the snow, the snow!

BRIAN O'DONNELL, Age 8

The Midget

I know a little midget
No bigger than a pin,
But he can make the strongest man
Wrap a scarf around his chin.

To tweak the nose and to pinch the toes,
And fill one full of woe,
Are jokes the midget loves to play
Alike on friend and foe.

NORMAN RAMOL, '59

April

Now that spring is here,
There is one thing that is clear—
April is the happiest hour,
When every seed becomes a flower.

It rains and it does not rain for me,
For in every drop I see
Wild flowers in the breeze,
And leaves are green on all the trees.

The clouds of gray cover the skies of blue.
It rains flowers of every hue,
It changes the color of the town,
It rains sweet roses down.

IONE KOURIDES, '60

To Thee, Our Thanks

Let's think of all our blessings
That would be hard to name,
Our food and clothes and shelter,
And many a pleasant game.

We are thankful that our country
Is so strong and free and true.
We're happy that we're living
Under the red and white and blue.

We thank Thee for the sun and rain
That help all things to live.
And so for all our blessings,
To Thee, our thanks we give.

JOHN COLE, '57

Robin Red Breast

Look at the little bird
Up in the tree,
Singing a pretty song,
Sweetly, for me.

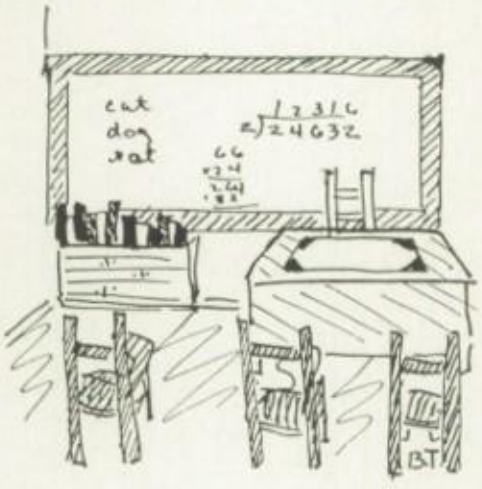
His wings are dark brown,
His breast is bright red.
He swings on a branch
And nods his wee head.

BERTA WALKER, '59

Our Classroom

IN our classroom there are many pictures on the wall. And we have valentines on the wall, too. Billy Weiss is one of my friends. He likes me and I like him. There is a boy named Brian and he's in love with a girl called Jane Berley. There are so many things that I would like to tell you that I couldn't fit it on this paper.

JEFFREY MILES, Age 8



Our Classroom

WE have spelling tests, and arithmetic tests. We have so much fun. We draw a lot of pictures. We have so many children. We go outdoors to play. We read, we write, we do arithmetic, spelling. Joan White draws very good girls. Jeffrey draws very good pictures. We go to school Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. On Saturday, I have to play the piano. And on Sunday I go to Sunday school. On Friday we have free gym. I sometimes play with Lila and sometimes with Janet and Juliana and Joan and Iris and Jane. I like school very much. And the boys play soccer. And once Jane kissed Brian. And they will fall in love.

MELVA ANDREWS, Age 8

Never Ready Eddie

Eddie, Eddie, never ready
For work or for school.
Eddie, Eddie, always ready
For the swimming pool.

JOAN GORDON, '60

Halloween

Halloween's the gayest time,
The witches are in swing.
The pumpkins try to scare you,
And the bats are on the wing.
The goblins like to frighten you;
They'll scare you all the night.
The ghosts look like a horror,
And you cuddle up with fright.

MORTON CORIN, '58

The Garden

As I was walking along the street,
I saw an iron gate.
I peered inside and what should I find
But a beautiful estate.

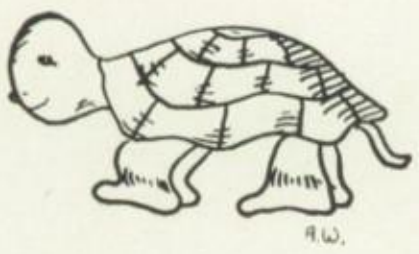
Ahead of me were three paths,
Each leading its different way.
Flowers forming its borderline,
Made the garden extremely gay.

Beautiful violets and daisies,
Brilliant roses and carnations
Grew so beautiful together,
It was a new creation.

In the center was a lantern,
Which was so very bright,
When a match touched the candle
It lit the entire night.

It is all so very beautiful,
With the stars above agleam,
I wish I could stay forever,
But I guess it's all a dream.

MARCIA CANTOR, '57



Sea Turtles

Sea turtles have flippers like seals,
And they eat great big meals.
They are so big it is hard to believe,
And they swim around in the thick sea weeds.

NICKY KOURIDES, Age 6

Baffled

My teacher wants a lot of stuff for the Blotter *of '52.*
But most of my classmates moan and say, "This we no can do."
We try and try and try again to come up with something neat,
But gee, at times like this I think our heads are made of concrete.

PETER CASSINO, '58

December

Winter is a time for fun
On sleigh or skates.
But by the time our homework's done
I can't go out, for it's too late!
You'd think our teachers would remember
When they were young, and it was December.

FRED MESLER, '58

The Snow

The snow, the snow lay on the ground,
The snow, the snow, it whirls around.
The snow, the snow, it's fun, it's fun,
The snow, the snow, my poem is done.

GAIL HAZELWOOD, '60

The Snow

The snow was beautiful and white.
It was beautiful in the dark, dark night.
When it floated down to the earth,
It was like some nice child's birth.

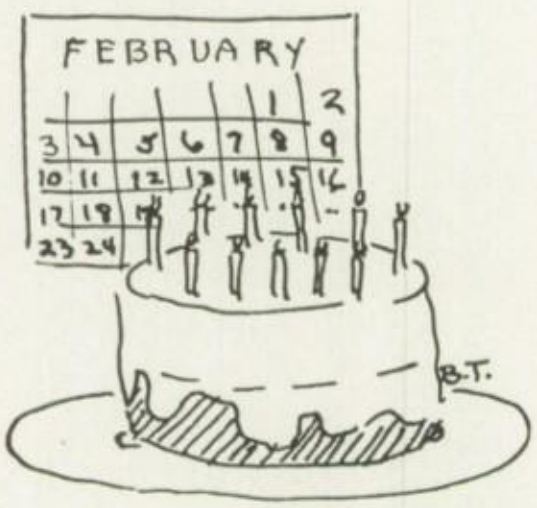
It swirled and twisted, turned around
Until it reached over all the ground,
And covered it with an ermine cloak
Till winter died; then spring awoke.

JOAN PERERA, '58

Picnic

I like to go on picnics
They are so much fun.
We find so many things to do
While playing in the sun.
Best of all our picnic lunch
Is always such a treat,
And we have had a lovely day
That really can't be beat.

PHYLLIS SULLIVAN, Age 6



February Celebrations

February is a month
With lots of birthdays, including mine,
Abraham Lincoln's, George Washington's
And many more, but they won't rhyme.
My mother's, my dad's,
My great grandmother's, too—
In the shortest of months
We have quite a few!

FRED MESLER, '58

Autumn

Autumn with its leaves so gay,
Is even better than spring in May.
The leaves are colored red and yellow,
And everything is very mellow.
And lo! After autumn comes and goes,
Winter comes with all its snows.
And for the autumn I do pine,
With its leaves like gold and wine.

ANDREW BLUM, '58

The Lion Trainer's Dream

I WAS training a lion. He was a big fierce lion and he began jumping on me, so I threw the whip—that almost kicked me down, so I threw the whip again, 'cause I wanted him to get up on the big ball. Well, finally the lion ate me up and then I killed him while I was inside his stomach.

CATHY REDMOND, Age 5

FOREIGN LITERATURE

Symphonia

Contra concurrendum multitudinum ante spectaculum
Amatres symphoniae sedate comiscent.
Symphonia coepit.
Extemplo, margaritae exquisitae defluent
A digitis acroamae,
Tinnientia tintinnabula resonant
Per Atrium ut in antiquo castello.
Omne silentium est,
Finis motus.
Subito digiti supra claves volant ita perniciter
Ut opiner Deos inivisse animum acroamae!
Pianissimo—fortissimo
Sforgato—sferzando!
Melodiae in euphonia canant,
Cadenza clavem adscendit et descendit,
Ardentes revocationes voluptatem brevem mittunt.
Incantamentum, incantamentum frangitur.

FRANCES WILSON, '54

Rex Malus

Populi patriae miseri erant,
Quod agros non habebant.
Rex omnen pecuniam tenebat;
Malus inimicusque erat.

Cives proelium commiserunt.
Urbem regis oppugnaverunt.
Ducem bonum habebant;
Imperator fortis erat.

Milites regis victi sunt.
Populi regem interfecerunt.
Tum multos agros habebant,
Quod dux bonus rex erat.

MARILYN JAHN, '55

Cur?

Cur adulescenti moriendum est?
Cur matri lacrimandum est?
Cur semper bonus, numquam malus?
Quis est iustitia omnium
Ut mali vivant, dum bonis cadendum sit?
Cur innocentibus ita patiendum est?
Cur non possunt mali moriri?
Cur morbus, cur odium est?
Cur auxilium semper tardissime venit?
Cur filius matri alendum est,
Cui moriendum, dum iam puer?
Cur Eius iustitia tam falsa videtur
Adulescenti qui diu vivere debebit?
Si oracula haberem, laetissimus essem,
Sed opinor nos quaerere non posse
Quit sit bonum, quid malum.

DAVID AILION, '54

La Costa de Maine

EN la costa del estado de Maine las olas se rompen contra las rocas. Siempre se puede oír el ruido del agua que corre viniendo a dar con la playa blanca. Las olas de crestas blancas están como nieves en una montaña. Los pájaros de la costa vuelan por el aire con gracia y caen de súbito sobre los peces para comerlos. Otros pajaritos corren por la orilla buscando alimento. Los puercos marinos nadan a vista de la costa, y de vez en cuando se ve la cabeza, la cola.

Los artistas se sientan en las rocas por los riscos altos y pintan la hermosísima vista. El aficionado de la fotografía encuentra lo que es sueño. El sol en el agua está como brillantes.

MARILYN JAHN, '55

La Pendule Française

APEINE est-ce que je marchais le long de l'Avenue Trois à New-York depuis dix minutes en admirant le beau temps et les curiosités dans tous les magasins d'antiquités que soudain j'ai senti des gouttes d'eau. Il ne pleuvait pas fort, mais je portais une nouvelle robe; donc, je suis entrée dans la boutique la plus près.

Un petit homme courbé, aux cheveux gris et touffus, est venu vers moi et m'a demandé s'il pouvait me servir.

— Non, lui ai-je dit, c'est que je voudrais regarder un peu.

Alors, il est allé au fond de la boutique et a commencé à balayer le plancher. J'ai décidé me profiter de ma visite inattendue et j'ai commencé à regarder les curiosités diverses sur les planches poudreuses. Il y avait de bonnes choses ci et là, mais il n'y avait rien de très intéressant, je veux dire jusqu'à apercevoir une pendule française dont le corps était couvert de fleurs roses et de chérubins doux.

— Oh, j'ai pensé, les histoires nombreuses que cette pendule pourrait raconter si elle pouvait parler. Peut-être était-elle une fois dans la chambre de Joséphine, et peut-être Napoléon la lui a donnée. Je me demandais si elle appartenait par hasard à des artistes fameux comme Renoir ou Degas. J'ai tourné la pendulette et l'ai remontée avec une petite clef d'or. Les aiguilles du cadran mignon se sont mises en marche, et il y avait un tic-tac qui m'a fait entrer dans une sorte de rêve. J'ai vu des figures nombreuses des Français fameux des deux siècles passés, qui, sans doute, avait vu la petite pendule: Millet, Dumas, Bizet, et beaucoup d'autres.

Tout d'un coup le tic-tac s'est arrêté. J'ai regardé autour de moi. J'ai vu par la vitrine qu'il faisait du soleil en dehors, et j'ai appelé le petit homme. — S'il vous plaît, dites-moi combien coûte cette pendule?

Il est venu regarder la pendulette. — $1.98, m'a-t-il dit. Cela m'a etonnée, mais il a continué, — Celle-ci ne marche pas bien. Il vaudrait mieux, peut-être, prendre une de ces pendules-là au lieu d'elle. Il a indiqué une table sur laquelle il y avait près d'une douzaine de pendules identiques. J'en ai pris une pour regarder la marque sur le fond. C'était "R. P. Jones, Jersey City, N. J."

Malgré cela, je l'ai achetée comme souvenir de quelque temps passé en France il y a beaucoup d'années.

ANN WEINGARDEN, '54

La Neige

LA nuit dernière il est tombé de la neige, et ce matin le monde reste couvert d'un manteau de blanc. Les petits se précipitent de leurs maisons pour rencontrer leurs amis. Ils jouent dans la neige, se promènent en traîneau, et se lancent des boules de neige les uns aux autres. A ce qu'il paraît, tout le monde est heureux.

Pourtant, il ne s'agit par de cela, car les adultes qui marchent soigneusement le long des trottoirs n'ont pas part à cette joie. La neige ne leur est point bienvenue; mais peu de choses sont bien reçues par tous.

Moi, j'aime la neige bien qu'elle ne me plaise pas pour les mémes raisons que lorsque j'étais plus petite. A mon avis, la peine et le travail causés par la neige son compensés par sa beauté. La raison que je pense ainsi c'est peut-être que je ne suis pas obligée de déblayer cette belle mais lourde substance. Autrement, je pourrais bien changer d'avis. En tout cas, en ce moment je suis de la part des enfants. J'aime la neige. Ayons-en davantage!

BARBARA TAYLOR, '53

Habia un hombre muy rico de San Sabosa,
quien vió a una muchacha muy hermosa.
Su sentido estaba agudo,
pero el señor quedaba mudo,
y ahora es el más pobre de San Sabosa.

HAIG DADOURIAN, '54

¿Qué Fué?

ERA una noche oscura y neblosa. Las calles estaban desiertas cuando íba hacia mi casa. Abrí una de las entradas al bancal y saqué mis llaves para abrir la puerta, cuando de repente ví a una figura negra que corría de la entrada opuesta hacia la calle. Entonces me dí cuenta de que nadie estuvo en casa y estuve solo. Mi corazón pulsaba cada vez más rápidamente y mis piernas estremecían como abrí la puerta.

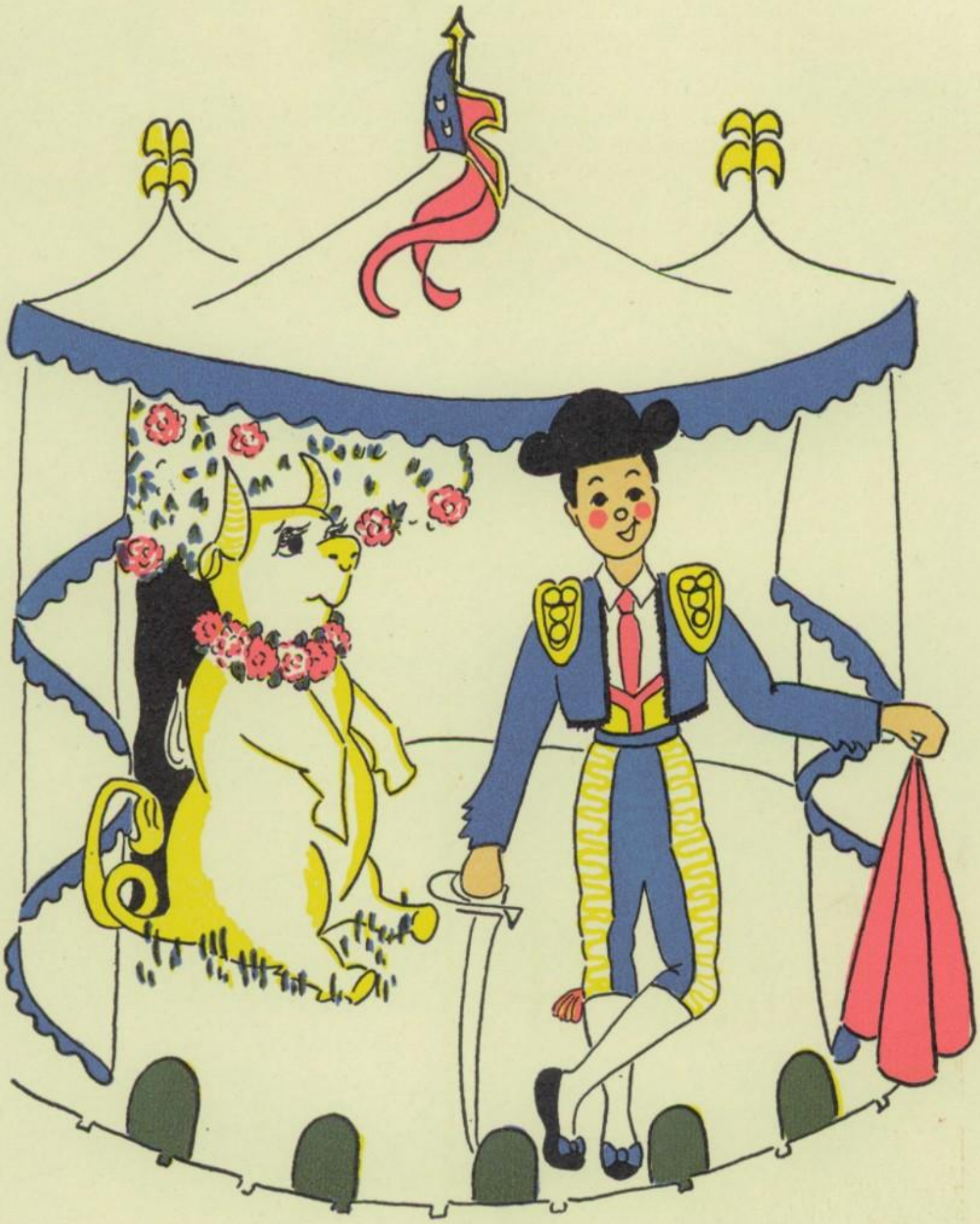
Cuando estaba dentro de la casa acerojé la puerta y prontamente corrí arriba al desván y hallé un cachiporro de guerra antiguo que guardé por mi lado toda la noche. Pensé en la figura toda la noche. ¿Qué fué? Si hubiera sido un ladrón, mi perro habría ladrado, pero había quedado silencioso. Poco más tarde el teléfono sonó. Una mujer dijo que era un apeo, pero rehusó decirme qué clase de apeo era. Ahora estaba cierto de que la figura había sido un ladrón.

La noche siguiente, como entraba en el bancal ví a la misma figura negra que corría de la entrada opuesta. Esta vez, reuní mi valor y corrí a la otra puerta. Llegué allá a tiempo para poder identificar la figura. Fué solamente un gato negro que había estado sentándose en la entrada. Mientras estaba sentándose allí, parecía como fuera un hombre que estaba agachando. Cuando había abierto la puerta, lo había hecho huir asustado.

PETER BREITMAN, '54

Athletics 4

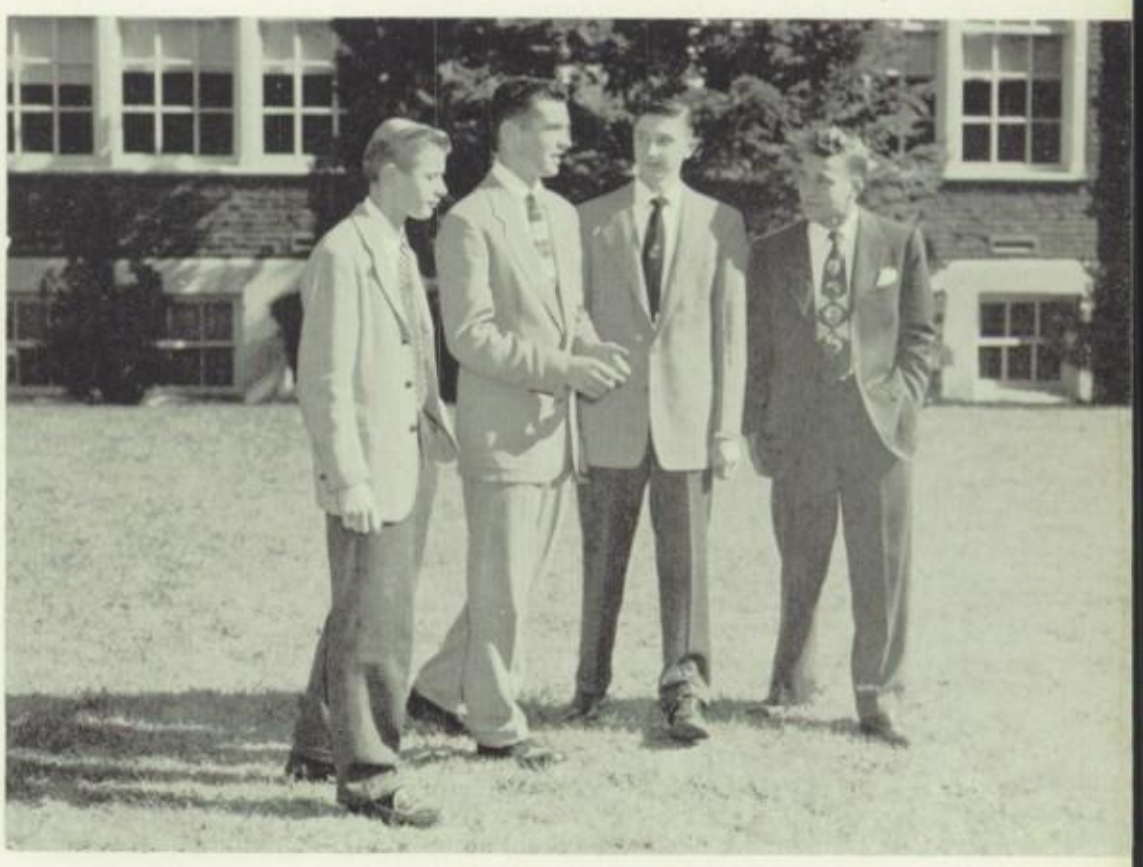
We raise the curtain on an act
With flashing, vivid movement packed,
A gala plot to catch the eyes—
To play the game and win the prize.



Left to right—Diana Brookfield (Red Team Manager), Gail Gifford (Blue Team Manager, G. A. A. Secretary), Kay Kindred (G. A. A. President), Janice Wolford (Blue Team Captain), Mary Alice Wasson (G. A. A. Vice-President), Ann Kindred (Red Team Captain).

Girls Athletic Council

Boys Athletic Association



Left to right—William Barnes (Treasurer), Harold Pascal (Secretary), Edward Seibert (Vice-President), Donald Lutz (President).

Left to right—Joan Gill, Connie Iskyan, Ann Kindred, Suzanne Stern, Katherine Kindred (Captain), Barbara Stokes, Kathleen Ohl, Diana Brookfield, Janice Wolford, Gail Gifford, Monica Ballard.

Varsity Hockey

THE spirited Varsity Hockey team ran down the field to score a victory in two games, a tie in two games, and a defeat in two games. Every team-member played her best to uphold Kew-Forest's sportsmanship whether the game was a win, a loss, or a draw.

The most exciting game this year was the Fieldston game held at Cunningham Park. Both teams showed wonderful team-work, but Kew-Forest scored in the closing minutes to break the tie.

The hockey team played three of its games at other schools. The first game was at Staten Island Academy. The team got off to a poor start, but as the score shows, the next game with Brooklyn Friends showed a great improvement. The team visited Woodmere Academy and also Saint Mary's in Garden City. The game at the former school proved a good game with neither team able to score in the second half. At Saint Mary's, the game was a bit disappointing since Kew-Forest lost and it was the last game of the season.

As part compensation for losing two games during the 1951 fall season, the hockey team held a dinner in honor of the coach, Miss Doris Sonner. The dinner, prepared by sixteen diligent cooks, was surprisingly delicious.

Here's hoping that next year's varsity team will wrap up some good scores for Kew-Forest.

SCHEDULE

			K.-F.	*Opp.*
Oct.	10	Staten Island Academy	1	4
Oct.	19	Brooklyn Friends	8	0
Oct.	22	Baldwin High School	1	1
Oct.	26	Fieldston School	3	2
Oct.	31	Woodmere Academy	1	1
Nov.	9	Saint Mary's	1	3
			15	11

Captain Kay Kindred.

First row—Marie Castro, Elaine Humbert, Cynthia Hess, Nancy Allan, Leola Kurz, Joan Conlan. *Second row*—Jessica Allan, Joan Gertz, Birte Petersen, Jane Newhouse, Phyllis Eitingon, Hope Ringers (Captain), Jenny Hofman, Marilyn Jahn, Cissie Feldman, Diane Bush.

Junior Varsity Hockey

THE Junior Varsity Hockey Team of Kew-Forest had a short season, playing only two games. Other scheduled games had to be cancelled because of bad weather.

The first game of the J. V. was against Fieldston. The score at the end was an unhappy defeat for us, one to nothing. The second game was against Saint Mary's Junior Varsity. Kew-Forest lost again one to nothing; however, an interesting note is that it took a former Kew-Forester to score the one goal against us.

The game which was played at Cunningham Park against Port Washington was ended at half-time, when players, coaches, and spectators were drenched by a sudden unexpected cloudburst.

Every game this season was eagerly watched and cheered by fellow-classmates and friends. Everyone enjoyed these hockey games greatly, even on days that froze one's hands and feet.

In the tradition of the school, G. A. A. representatives served "cokes" and refreshments for the participating teams at school after every game. At these teas, the girls get a chance to meet each other, sing school songs and just have fun.

Next year, the J. V. will undoubtedly have a bigger, and, they hope, a better season; that is, if too many of them are not promoted to the ranks of the Varsity.

SCHEDULE

		K.-F.	*Opp.*
Oct. 26	Fieldston	0	1
Nov. 9	Saint Mary's	0	1
		0	2

Captain Hope Ringers.

First row—Barbara Stokes, Connie Iskyan, Monica Ballard (Captain), Ann Kindred. *Second row*—Mary Alice Wasson, Anita Fiddelman, Cynthia Hess, Tevis Morse, Gail Gifford.

Basketball

THE whistle blew, the ball was thrown in, and the 1952 Basketball season was off with a burst of enthusiasm. This year's Varsity, including some "old reliables" and some talented newcomers, were a spirited and skillful team.

It started off with a bang by defeating the Community House squad 42-17. Spurred on by this victory, they won the next two games against Adelphi and Brooklyn Friends. The latter was a hard-fought, well-earned victory. Kew-Forest came out of a three point defeat in the last quarter to win. After defeating Woodmere in the following game, there remained just one more to be played. This would be against New Lincoln, probably the toughest to beat. Everyone remained fearfully hopeful. Kew-Forest won, however, 28-25. The Varsity team finished an undefeated season! It was the first since 1940 when Miss Sonner, our coach, played c. forward. The cheers and screaming rocked the gymnasium as the New Lincolners left the basketball court.

The Junior Varsity team was also a vast improvement over last year's team. Its members were successful in building up teamwork that often led them to victory.

Besides inter-scholastic games, there were Red-Blue and class contests.

Win or lose, and it has been mostly the former, this year's basketball season has been one greatly enjoyed and very enthusiastically played.

SCHEDULE

		K.-F.	*Opp.*
Feb. 7	Community House	42	17
Feb. 14	Adelphi Academy	49	25
Feb. 20	Brooklyn Friends	35	34
Feb. 25	Woodmere	28	25
Feb. 28	New Lincoln	23	20
		177	121

JUNIOR VARSITY

Feb. 14	Adelphi Academy	14	18
Feb. 20	Brooklyn Friends	20	20
Feb. 25	Woodmere	17	18
Feb. 28	New Lincoln	11	11
		62	67

Captain Monica Ballard Shooting.

Left to right—Ann Kindred, Phyllis Eitingon, Katherine Kindred (Captain), Barbara Stokes, Jenny Hofman, Marilyn Jahn, Kathleen Ohl, Gail Gifford, Mary Alice Wasson.

1951 Lacrosse

IN the spring Lacrosse is heartily welcomed by the girls athletic squads. Not too many girls schools play Lacrosse, but the games they do play are always enjoyable.

This year the Lacrosse team is looking forward to a play-day with the Westchester schools, sponsored by the Westchester Women's Lacrosse Association. Playdays are not only beneficial to one's game, but are also much fun. Since the number of schools which include Lacrosse in their athletic program is rapidly increasing, this year's schedule of games should be fuller than those of the past.

Last year the Lacrosse squad was very fortunate in attending a playday at Friends Academy in Locust Valley. The English Women's Lacrosse Team was there to give them many pointers on playing Lacrosse. A few days later Miss Alison Cridland, a player from the All-English Ladies Lacrosse Association and Games, Mistress at Benenden Abbey, came to Kew-Forest to instruct girls individually. This instruction was a wonderful help, and is one of the reasons for a successful season.

There was an interesting diversion in the Lacrosse season when the Lacrosse team played the Softball team in softball. To the great embarrassment of the Softball team, the Lacrosse team won 26-5. If this year's Lacrosse team is able to beat its opponents in Lacrosse as it did the Softball team, it will have another victorious record.

1951 SCHEDULE

			K.-F.	*Opp.*
April	27	Friends Academy	11	1
May	10	Friends Academy	10	2
May	14	Manhasset High School	12	5
			33	8

Captain Mary Alice Wasson.

J. V. BASKETBALL
First row—Peter Ellen, Lawrence Gross, Peter Breitman, Kenneth Lippman, Paul Koumrian. *Second row*—Jack Lee (Manager), Lee Breslow, Otto Schafer, Michael Magdol, Kenneth Miron, Bruce Gibson, Charles Chassen.

Lower School Sports

HOCKEY
Left to right—Marcia Cantor, Carol Baur, Brenda LaGrange, Elyse Sergenian, Monica Moran, Miriam Sergenian, Judith Garber, Ione Kourides, Susan Schneider.

LACROSSE
Left to right—Jeanmarie Manfredonia, Jane Sullivan, Elyse Sergenian, Eugenia Wild, Marcia Cantor, Berta Walker, Harriet Walker.

First row—Anthony Moran, Gilbert Colombo, David Cantor, Donald Lutz (Captain), Martin Lieberman, Kenneth Bolte, James Clark, Bruce Gibson. *Second row*—John French, David Gibson, John Enright, Dikran Simidian, Calvin Pohlman, Harold Pascal, Peter Kray, Lloyd Zimmermann, Louis Moskowitz.

Varsity Soccer

THE 1951 Soccer season at Kew-Forest will long be remembered as an outstanding one. The fine spirit and hustle of the young club, coupled with the able coaching of Mr. Charles Delahunt, resulted in a clean sweep over all six opponents. Among these six wins were victories over Queens College J. V., 4-0, and Poly Prep, 2-1. The latter game marked the first Varsity win over the Brooklyn team in Kew-Forest history.

Ken Bolte and Gil Colombo led the offense with four goals each.

Four of the boys, Harold Pascal, Ken Bolte, Captain Don Lutz, and John Enright, were awarded positions on the New York City Private School All-Star squad. Dave Gibson, another defenseman, received honorable mention on the same team. Later, Bolte and Pascal achieved honors also on the All Queens Soccer Team. The services of these boys and others contributed greatly to the successful season.

With all the boys returning next year except our top-flight goalie and Captain, Don Lutz, the team expects to put a more experienced squad on the field, and hopes to continue to bring laurels to Kew-Forest School.

SCHEDULE

		K.-F.	*Opp.*
Oct. 5	Staten Island	2	0
Oct. 10	St. Paul's	3	0
Oct. 19	Queen's College J. V.	4	0
Oct. 29	Columbia Grammar	1	0
Nov. 5	Poly Prep	2	1
Nov. 9	St. Paul's	2	1
		14	2

Captain Donald Lutz and Mr. Delahunt.

First row—Louis Buttitta, Peter Ellen, Peter Breitman, Charles Chassen, Philip Masters, Paul Koumrian, Bruce Gibson. *Second row*—Lee Breslow, David Ailion, Lloyd Zimmermann, Michael Magdol, Otto Schafer, Robert Dixon, Kenneth Miron, Anthony Moran.

Junior Varsity Soccer

SCHEDULE

			K.-F.	*Opp.*
Oct.	17	Poly Prep	2	0
Oct.	26	Garden Country Day	4	0
Nov.	19	Floral Park-Bellerose	2	0
			8	0

Mr. Nelson and Captain Warren Kingman.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Varsity, the Kew-Forest Jay-Vee Soccer team compiled a record of three wins, no losses, and no ties.

Kenneth Miron led the Jay-Vees to a 2-0 victory over a highly rated Poly Prep eleven in the initial game of the season. Warren Kingman also tallied.

Great team work was featured in the second outing of the year, at which Kew-Forest scored at will and drubbed Garden Country Day 4-0. Kenneth Miron converted two scoring plays, while Bruce Gibson and Stan Israel had a hand in netting the other two markers.

The Jay-Vee team closed its illustrious season by turning back Floral Park-Bellrose School 2-0. Kenneth Miron, who had found the range of the nets three times previously, booted in another pair of goals to give the Jay-Vees the margin of victory.

Thus the Kew-Forest Jay-Vees ended their season in triumph and they also had the distinction of not having an opposing player's shot find its way into the K.-F. net.

Another year of thrills and excitement has gone by the boards, but when next year rolls around, K.-F. will remember the fine season it had in '51 and strive to better the old mark with plenty of fun and enjoyment while doing so.

First row—David Gibson, David Cantor, Kenneth Bolte, Harold Pascal (Captain), Martin Lieberman, William Barnes, Gilbert Colombo. *Second row*—Jack Lee (Manager), Warren Kingman, James Clark, Edward Coffey, Calvin Pohlman, Dikran Simidian, Henry Assael, Louis Moskowitz, Donald Lutz, Mr. Walter Nelson (Coach).

Boys Basketball

LED by Harold Pascal, the Kew-Forest Basketball Team of 1951-52 went on to set and break many long standing records of the school. The Varsity was comprised of Harold Pascal, Dikran Simidian, Calvin Pohlman, Ken Bolte and Bill Barnes. Stan Israel and Lloyd Zimmermann saw plenty of action as first line reserves.

After winning the first five outings, all of which were good hard fought contests, Kew-Forest came up against a determined Stevens Academy five, who gave no ground and did not ask for any, and they defeated the Foresters, 74-63 in one of the best played games of the season. Harold Pascal netted 33 points in the losing cause.

The team showed its comeback ability and never-say-die attitude when it eked out a 46-44 win over Dwight School in a very rugged contest played on the New Yorker's court.

Harold Pascal led the team in both scoring and foul shooting. He has collected a total of over 200 points in the scoring department, hitting the majority of his shots from the foul line.

SCHEDULE

			K.-F.	*Opp.*
Dec.	14	Garden Country Day	56	35
Dec.	19	Alumni	44	37
Jan.	16	Garden Country Day	30	25
Jan.	18	Dwight	46	44
Feb.	1	Friends Seminary	39	29
Feb.	6	Stevens Academy	63	74
Feb.	8	Birch Wathen	60	55
Feb.	15	Columbia Grammar	58	50
Feb.	18	Birch Wathen	70	50
Feb.	20	Bentley	60	28
Feb.	27	Dwight	54	52
March	7	Stevens Academy	50	71
March	10	Bentley	66	27
March	11	Friends Seminary	69	47
			765	624

Mr. Delahunt, Captain Harold Pascal, Mr. Nelson.

Captain Tony Moran.

SCHEDULE

			K.F.	*Opp.*
April	22	Floral Park-Bellerose	10	13
May	7	John Lewis Childs	16	6
			—	—
			26	19

1951 Softball

THE Softball team, in its third year, won one game and lost one. Although the schedule was only two games, that is not an important factor, since Mr. Nelson, its capable coach, taught the boys teamwork and competitiveness and the art of being good losers as well as good winners.

The captain of the Kew-Forest team was Warren Kingman, who had the best fielding percentage. The batting honors were shared between Jack Lee and Kenneth Miron. The boys enjoyed themselves while playing the sport. Softball is practically the same as baseball except that the baselines are shorter as is also the distance between the mound and home plate.

This past year the boys have set a record for coming out for this comparatively new sport at Kew-Forest, and it is hoped that next year will find as many, if not more, boys coming out for practice.

First row—Peter Ellen, Philip Masters, Lawrence Gross, Charles Chassen, Harwood Levin, Bruce Gibson. *Second row*—Lee Breslow, Otto Schafer, David Ailion, Anthony Moran (Captain), Michael Magdol, Kenneth Miron, Ellis French, Jack Lee (Manager). *Mascot*—Brian O'Donnell.

1951 Varsity Baseball

Captain Stanley Israel.

LAST spring, the Kew-Forest Baseball team won three games and lost two. This was a successful season considering the loss through graduation of several ballplayers.

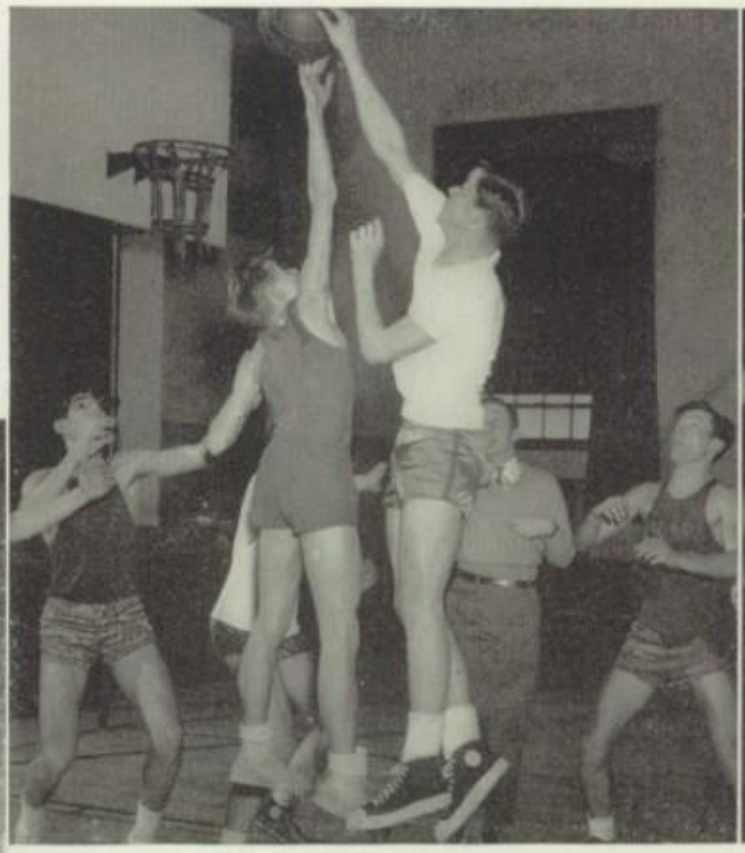
Under the able coaching of Mr. Tony De Phillips, formerly a star catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, and Mr. Charles Delahunt, Boys Athletic Director of Kew-Forest, the baseball team made a strong finish, winning the final two games of the season with scores of 2 to 1 and 5 to 1, respectively. The coaches stressed teamwork and the necessary spirit to win games.

The captain of the team was Charles Castro and he, incidentally, was the highest hitter on the squad.

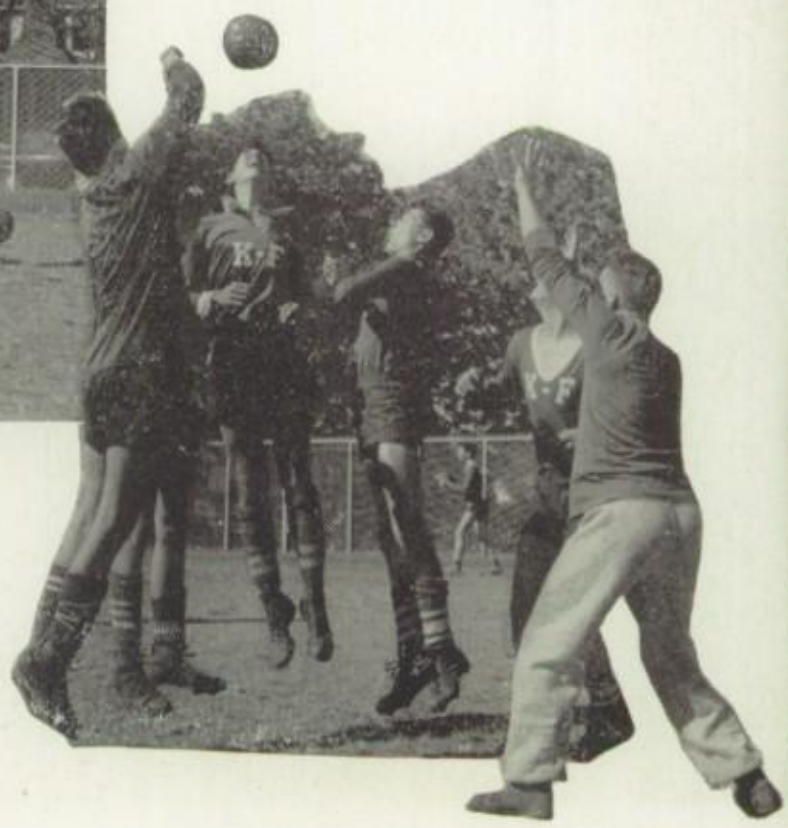
The team is looking forward to the coming season and hopes to make it a better one than the last, since it has learned quite a few points about the game.

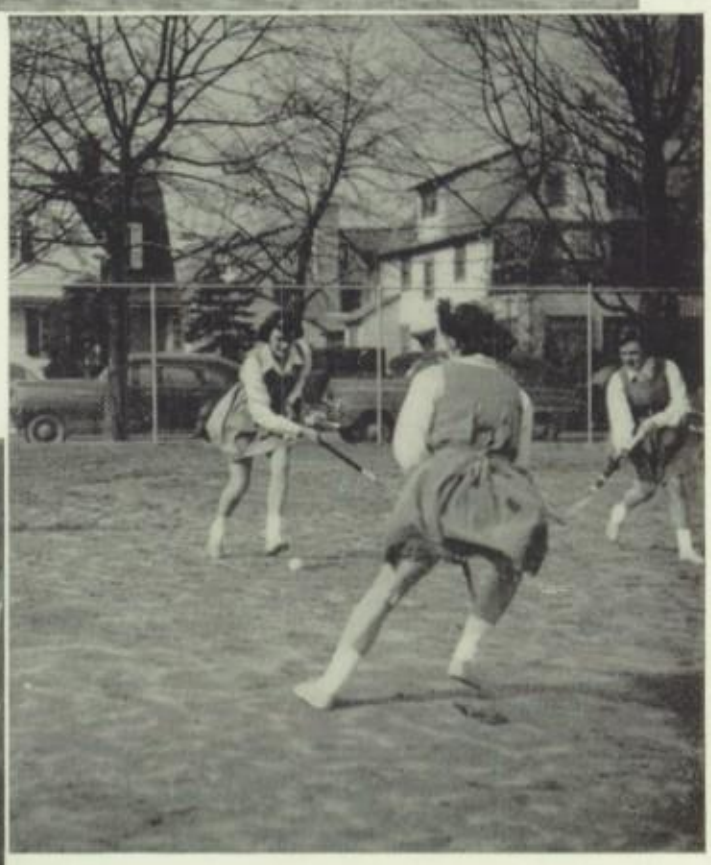
		K.F.	*Opp.*
April 20	New York Friends	25	2
April 27	Dwight Academy	0	11
May 4	Columbia Grammar	2	5
May 16	Stevens (Hoboken)	2	1
May 18	New York Friends	5	1
		34	20

First row—David Gibson, David Cantor, Donald Lutz, Martin Lieberman, Gilbert Colombo, James Clark, Peter Breitman. *Second row*—Louis Moskowitz, Warren Kingman, Kenneth Bolte, Harold Pascal, Dikran Simidian, Calvin Pohlman, Henry Assael, John French, Stanley Israel (Captain), Jack Lee (Manager). *Mascot*—Peter Dadourian.

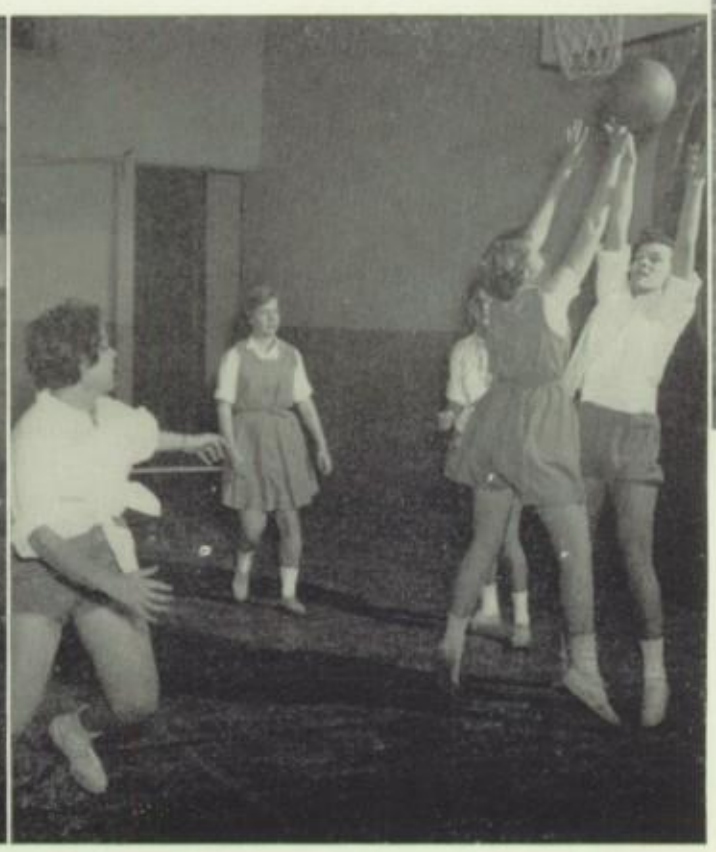


Top left—Jump ball—Barnes and Coffey. *Top right*—Through the middle—Bolte, Pascal, Coffey. *Center*—Out of the scoring zone—Bolte. *Bottom left*—Booting for a goal—Colombo. *Bottom right*—A save—Lutz and Simidian.





Top left—Jump ball—Cynthia Hess and Anita Fiddelman. *Top right*—Interception by the defense. *Center*—The attack on the march. *Bottom left*—Pass to the scoring zone—Babs Stokes. *Bottom right*—A two-pointer for Gail—Monica Ballard guarding.



Boys Athletic Awards Presented May 19, 1951

Mr. and Mrs. James Hassall Cup to the Best All Round Athlete, awarded to R. Landes. Class of 1938 Trophy for the Greatest Number of Points, to R. Landes. Studio Art Club Cup for Best Sportsmanship, to C. Castro. David Miller Soccer Cup, to D. Fales. Class of 1947 Basketball Trophy, to H. Pascal. Baseball Trophy, to H. Pascal, D. Lutz. Improvement at All Sports, to J. Clark. Softball Cup, to W. Kingman. Tennis Trophy, to J. Brehmer. Improvement at J. V. Basketball, to H. Assael. Basketball Foul Shooting Award, to A. Toigo. Scrolls and Blazers, to J. Brehmer, R. Bush, C. Castro (Baseball Captain), D. Fales, J. Farrell, R. Landes (Soccer and Basketball Captain), H. Lieberman, D. Manning, M. Tenner. Varsity letters awarded to the following: Varsity Soccer, Basketball, and Baseball: J. Enright, K. Bolte, J. Clark, D. Gibson, M. Lieberman, L. Moskowitz, H. Pascal, C. Pohlman, D. Simidian, S. Israel, D. Lutz, A. Toigo. Varsity Basketball, E. Seibert. Varsity Soccer, Basketball, E. Coffey. Varsity Basketball, Baseball, W. Barnes. J. V. Basketball, and Varsity Soccer, G. Columbo. J. V. Basketball, Softball, and Varsity Soccer, D. Cantor, J. French, W. Kingman. J. V. Soccer, Basketball, and Softball, E. French, L. Gross, P. Masters, A. Moran, O. Schafer, J. Lee, J. Richardson, D. Ailion, R. Bright, H. Dadourian, P. Ellen, G. Fedde, P. Breitman, H. Assael, C. Barton. Manager of Soccer, Basketball, and Baseball, J. Lee.

Lower School Awards for Boys 1951

Good at All Junior Sports: P. Dadourian, R. Howrani, J. Miles, R. Bauer, M. Gillman (Leader), W. Hansen, S. Miron, W. Ruden, D. Stone (Captain Blues), M. Sudakoff, J. Weiss (Captain Reds), A. White, W. Baxt, S. Bush, T. Dadourian, D. Dammann, B. Follows, A. Gray, B. Hoddersen, H. Lippman, J. Pickman, R. Russo, G. Williams, S. Blum, P. Cassino, L. Cole, T. Curtis, T. Dickel, J. Levin, F. Mesler, N. Ramol, F. Ballard, R. Barlow, D. Berley, J. Cole, B. Heller, J. R. Smirnow, I. Buchanan, R. Chinman, H. Lardaro, K. Lippman, K. Lutz, S. Odlum, K. Siegel. Improvement at Junior Sports: J. Aslanian, F. Janes, N. Kass, J. Reiger, J. Shapkin, S. Kammerer, E. Kent, J. King, L. Dahlstrom, R. Dixon, J. Hetherington, M. Himoff, S. Masters. Effort: J. Altschuler, C. Braemer, W. Weiss. Outstanding Athlete, Intermediate Group, K. Miron. Outstanding Boy, Intermediate Group, H. Dammann. Most Improved Boy at Sports, Intermediate Group, A. Blum. Captain of Blues, K. Lutz. Captain of Reds, K. Miron.

Girls Athletic Awards Presented May 17, 1951

Hockey: Fourth Year Varsity: G. Gifford, K. Kindred, P. Streifler, M. A. Wasson. Second Year Varsity: M. Ballard, V. Contomanolis (Captain), J. Gill. First Year Varsity: D. Brookfield, J. Conlan, P. Eitingon, A. Fiddelman, E. Humbert, A. Kindred, F. Sparacio, B. Stokes. Intramural Hockey Champs: J. Ball, G. Beenstock, D. Brookfield (Captain), D. De Angelis, J. Hofman, K. Kindred, M. J. Manning, B. Sealand, S. Sonnenschein. Hockey Manager: D. Kaiser. Basketball: Third Year Varsity: P. Streifler (Captain). Second Year Varsity: G. Gifford, K. Kindred. First Year Varsity: N. Allan, M. Ballard, G. Beenstock, V. Contomanolis, A. Fiddelman, A. Kindred, H. Ringers, F. Sparacio, B. Stokes. Basketball Manager: G. Smith. Lacrosse: Fifth Year Varsity: K. Kindred (Captain), M. A. Wasson. Fourth Year Varsity: G. Gifford, P. Streifler. Third Year Varsity: V. Contomanolis. Second Year Varsity: P. Eitingon, A. Kindred, B. Sealand, J. Siegel, B. Stokes. First Year Varsity: J. Ball, A. Fiddelman, M. Jahn, J. Hofman, K. Ohl, F. Sparacio. Softball: Third Year Varsity: J. Gill. Second Year Varsity: M. Ballard, S. Weber. First Year Varsity: N. Allan, G. Beenstock, D. Brookfield, A. Koeppel, H. Ringers, D. Weissman. G. A. A. Representatives: H. S. Prep, D. Weissman; H. S. I, F. Wilson; H. S. II, B. Taylor; H. S. III, J. Hofman; President of the G. A. A., P. Streifler.

Trophy Awards for Girls

Individual Trophies—Most Improvement in Lacrosse: Clark Trophy, won by J. Hofman. Hockey Improvement Cup, presented by Mrs. Alan Kissock, won by J. Gill. Most Improvement in All Sports, Ethel Hassel Trophy, won by M. Ballard. Best All-Round Athletic Ability, won by K. Kindred. Most Effort in Sports, presented by class of '38, won by J. Ball and M. Jahn. Basketball Excellence, presented by June and Arline Ross, won by P. Streifler. Red and Blue Outstanding Service Cups, presented by Joan Wigton and Betty Hart: Red Cup, won by S. Morse; Blue Cup, won by P. Streifler. High School Spirit Cup, won by K. Kindred.

Lower School Awards for Girls and Boys

Improvement in Hockey: C. Baur, J. Hartman, I. Kourides, J. Perera, J. McCaffrey, B. Smith, L. Snyder, L. Walker. Junior Hockey: J. Allan, J. Hitzig, M. Howrani, L. Janes, R. Karshan, B. La Grange, M. Sergenian, B. White. Intermediate Hockey: J. Gertz, B. McGinnis, M. Moran, S. Smirnow. Major Hockey: S. Brown, C. Egry. Lacrosse Improvement: J. Allan, M. Cantor, R. Karshan, J. Manfredonia, B. McGinnis, S. Sparer, J. Sullivan, B. Walker, H. Walker, E. Wild. Lacrosse Skill: S. Brown, C. Egry, J. Gertz, M. Moran, E. Sergenian. Sportsmanship: C. Baur, B. McGinnis, M. Moran, J. Sullivan, B. White. Effort: J. Allan, I. Kourides, J. Manfredonia, L. Snyder, S. Sparer. Most Improvement in All Sports: S. Smirnow.

Effort: J. Berley, L. Curtis, D. de la Ossa, J. Dickel, E. Geddes, G. Hazelwood, A. King, P. Masters, L. Neinken, J. White, P. Wellington. Improvement in Games: B. J. Berkley, J. Cassino, S. Cronin, M. Dobbs, J. Karshan, B. Martin, E. Trump, A. Von Koch. Skill in Games: M. Andrews, G. Pallante, S. Schneider, I. Warshaw. Sportsmanship: M. A. Dreyer. Leadership: J. Gordon, C. Ross.

Scenes from

STUNT NIGHT, 1951

Top and center—The Winning Red Stunt—*The Wicked Stage. Bottom*—Blue Stunt, *And So Came the Sun.*

The Reds and Blues

EVERY girl, upon entering Kew-Forest, is placed on either the Red or Blue Team. Girls from Primary Two to High School Four are team members. A girl never changes team once her membership is established. This creates a sense of loyalty and good team spirit. The teams elect their own officers who are this year as follows: Red Team Captain, Ann Kindred; Blue Team Captain, Janice Wolford; Red Team Manager, Diana Brookfield; Blue Team Manager, Gail Gifford; Red Team Cheer Leaders, Susan Stern and Jessica Allan; Blue Team Cheer Leaders, Monica Ballard and Hope Ringers. Lower School Officers, Red Team: Marcia Cantor, Elyse Sergenian, Susan Stark, Carol Baur; Blue Team: Monica Moran, Brenda La Grange, Lynn Odlum, Judith Hitzig.

Competition between these teams is keen throughout the year, not only in athletics but also in dramatics and singing.

In the fall and winter the Reds and Blues compete in hockey and basketball. Rivalry is at its peak during these games. This year each team had three basketball teams, so that every girl had a chance to compete.

The next event is the Indoor Gym Meet in which both the Lower School and High School Teams participate. The afternoon is opened with calisthenics and includes such events as leap frog, foul shooting, obstacle race, basketball relays, volleyball and human croquet. Great enthusiasm and sportsmanship are displayed by both teams.

Stunt night is one of the most exciting annual events. A satire on a current event was chosen this year by the G. A. A. Council, as the topic for the stunts. Miss Sonner selected three songs for each team to sing. The stunts provide an opportunity for all girls to engage in active competition. The Lower School leaders are ushers at Stunt night.

In the spring the Red and Blue Teams compete in softball and lacrosse. These games are enjoyable to the spectators as well as the players. This year there is going to be a tennis tournament. The winner will earn points for her team and also a cup for her efforts.

The last big event of the year is Field Day. There are many events such as lacrosse races, tug o'war, 100-yard dash, three-legged race, original relays and the Red and Blue softball game.

The Lower School members are constantly competing to win points for their team. Their efforts and points are just as important as those in the High School. They have competition in lacrosse, hockey, dodgeball, endball, and other lead-up games.

To climax the year a banquet is held. Speeches are made summing up the year's events and awards are given for individual accomplishments. At last the trophy is given to the team captain whose team has earned the greatest number of points.

Although there are inevitable disappointments, they are overshadowed by the great sportsmanship, spirit, and feeling of accomplishment enjoyed by everyone.

Competition of Reds and Blues Among Girls

THE annual contest between the Red and Blue Teams, including all girls of the school, draws to a close. It is impossible as the *Blotter* goes to press to choose the winner for 1951-52. The Reds won first place in 1927, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1943, 1947, 1948 and 1950. The Blues were victors in 1928, 1932 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1941, 1942, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1949 and 1951.

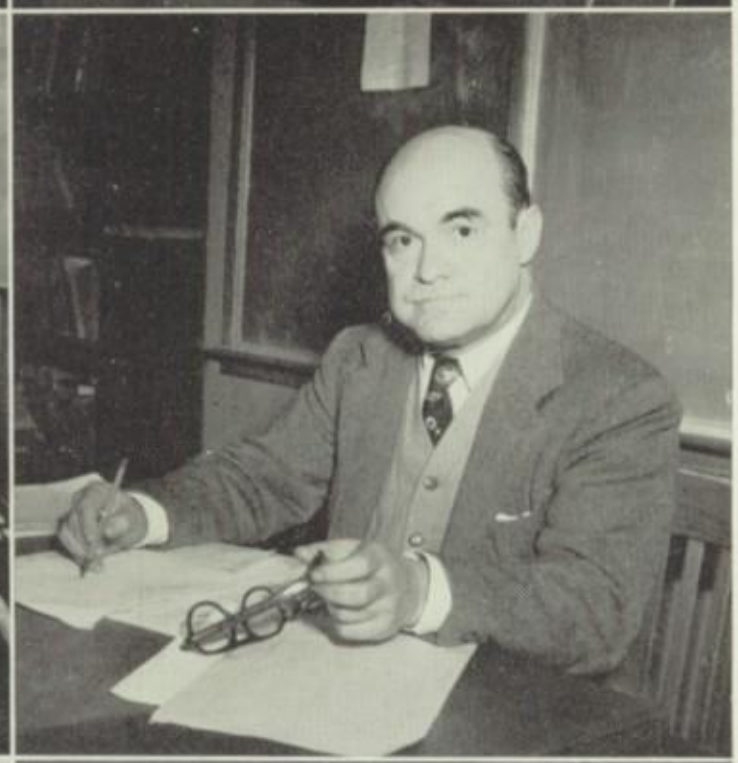
Student's-Eye-View of Kew-Forest

First row, top—Halloween Hop. Interesting Specimen. Stouthearted Men. My Buddy. *Second row*—That's a High One! Three Musketeers. All Set? *Third row*—Good Try! The Play's the Thing. Swing Time. *Fourth row*—"Which Twin has the Toni?" Got it! Pick a Winner. *Fifth row*—Tea and Crumpets. Letting Their Hair Down. Small Talk.

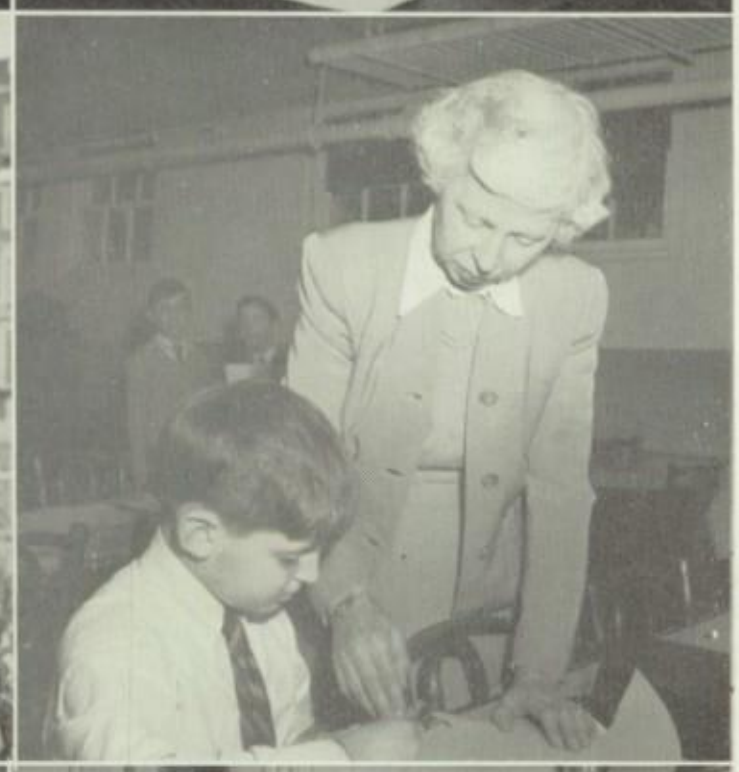
First row, top—Stars on the Field. The Gang's All Here! Oops, Excuse Me! We Dare Them All! *Second row*—Must be Johnny Ray. The Younger Set. Birds of a Feather. Hurray, Three O'clock! *Third row*—Tickling the Ivories. Hep to the Jive. Otto Swabbing the Deck.

The Faculty Informally

With You in a Minute!—Dr. James L. Dixon. Want a Lift? —Mrs. Grace Zimmermann?



Dean Smart Impersonating "Mrs. Hokinson." Comprenez-vous? — Mr. Homer Cleary.



Time for a Chat—Miss Maria Sottosanti and Miss Babette Harper. May I Show You?—Miss Enid Doyle and pupil.

Music Hath Charm — Mr. Charles Walker. A Moment of Relaxation—Mrs. Hazel Robison.

Student List

Ailion, David	H. S. II
Allan, Jessica	H. S. P.
Allan, Nancy	H. S. IV
Altschuler, Joseph	Pr. III
Andrews, Melva	Pr. III
Angst, Adrienne	H. S. IA
Ashton, William	H. S. III
Assael, Henry	H. S. III
Badanes, Marjorie	K.
Badanes, Peter	Pr. II
Ballard, Foster	Int. IV
Ballard, Monica	H. S. III
Barlow, Richard	Int. IV
Barnes, William	H. S. IV
Barton, Charles	H. S. III
Baur, Carol	Int. III
Baur, Ronald	Int. I
Baxt, William	Int. II
Berkley, Betty Jane	Int. I
Berley, David	Int. IV
Berley, Jane	Pr. III
Beyer, Lee	Pr. II
Beyer, Lynn	Pr. I
Bickerman, Pamela	Pr. I
Blum, Andrew	Int. III
Blum, Stephen	Int. III
Bolte, Kenneth	H. S. III
Bolte, Marion	H. S. IV
Bramson, Edward	Pr. I
Brant, Peter	K.
Breitman, Peter	H. S. II
Breslow, Lee	H. S. IA
Briggs, Michele	Int. I
Brookfield, Diana	H. S. III
Brown, Carolyn	H. S. IA
Brown, Sandra	H. S. P.
Burton, George	K.
Burton, John	Pr. I
Bush, Diane	H. S. IB
Bush, Stephen	Int. II
Caine, Anthony	Pr. I
Cantor, David	H. S. III
Cantor, Marcia	Int. IV
Carbine, Joyce	Int. II
Carmody, Caroline	Int. I
Cassino, Juliana	Pr. III
Cassino, Peter	Int. III
Castro, Marie	H. S. III
Chascione, Carol	H. S. P.
Chassen, Charles	H. S. II
Choderker, George	Pr. II
Clark, James	H. S. III
Coffey, Edward	H. S. IV
Cole, Jonathan	Int. IV
Cole, Laurence	Int. III
Colombo, Gilbert	H. S. III
Conlan, Joan	H. S. II
Connor, Robin	K.
Coraci, Mary	H. S. III
Corin, Morton	Int. III
Curtis, Linda	Int. I
Curtis, Thomas	Int. III
Dadourian, Haig	H. S. II
Dadourian, Peter	Pr. III
Dadourian, Thomas	Int. II
Dammann, David	Int. II
Dammann, Harold	Int. IV
Davidman, Ellen	H. S. IA
Day, Janna	Int. II
DeAngelis, Dorothy	H. S. III
Dickel, Jacqueline	Int. I
Dickel, Todd	Int. III
Dioguardi, Dominick	Int. I
Dioguardi, Rose Mary	Pr. III
Dixon, Robert	H. S. P.
Dobbs, Marian	Int. I
Dobbs, Nancy	Pr. II
Drellich, Richard	Int. IV
Dreyer, Martha	Int. I
Egry, Carol	H. S. P.
Eisenberg, Ann	Pr. II
Eisenberg, Stuart	Pr. I
Eitingon, Phyllis	H. S. II
Ellen, Peter	H. S. II
Ellman, Victoria	Pr. I
Enright, John	H. S. III
Evans, Faith	H. S. III
Fallek, Jane	Pr. I
Fedde, Gerhard	H. S. II
Fiddelman, Anita	H. S. III
Fink, Marlana	Int. IV
Fitzgerald, Lucy Ellen	H. S. II
Folia, Rodney	Pr. II
Follows, J. William	Int. II
Freed, Belinda	K.
Freed, Robert	Pr. II
French, Ellis	H. S. IB
French, John	H. S. III
Friedland, Merna	H. S. P.

Garber, Judith	Int. IV
Geddes, Evelyn	Pr. III
Gertz, Joan	H. S. P.
Gibson, Bruce	H. S. II
Gibson, David	H. S. III
Gifford, Gail	H. S. IV
Gill, Joan	H. S. III
Gillman, Justine	H. S. IB
Gillman, Michael	Int. I
Gordon, Joan	Int. I
Granirer, Nancy	H. S. III
Gross, Lawrence	H. S. IB
Gross, Susan	H. S. IV
Hagan, William	H. S. IV
Hansen, Carol	K.
Hansen, Wayne	Int. I
Haslett, Diane	Int. III
Hazelwood, Gail	Int. I
Heller, Brewster	Int. IV
Hess, Cynthia	H. S. II
Hetherington, John	H. S. P.
Himoff, Marc	Int. II
Hippeli, George	H. S. IB
Hitzig, Judith	Int. IV
Hoddersen, Bernhard	Int. II
Hofman, Jenny	H. S. IV
Hubbard, Norman	H. S. IV
Humbert, Elaine	H. S. III
Humbert, Meredith	H. S. II
Iraggi, Theresa	H. S. IA
Iskyan, Consuelo	H. S. III
Israel, Stanley	H. S. IV
Jahn, Marilyn	H. S. IB
Janes, Beverly	K.
Janes, Dolores	H. S. P.
Janes, Frank	Pr. III
Kahn, Audrey	H. S. II
Kaiser, Doris	H. S. IV
Kammerer, Steven	Int. II
Karshan, Janet	Pr. III
Karshan, Rhona	H. S. P.
Kass, Donald	Pr. I
Kass, Nicholas	Pr. III
Kelly, Josephine	Int. II
Kent, Edgar	Int. IV
Kindred, Ann	H. S. II
Kindred, Katherine	H. S. IV
King, Joseph	Int. II
Kingman, Warren	H. S. III
Kleefield, Jonathan	K.
Koumrian, Paul	H. S. IA
Kourides, Ione	Int. II
Kourides, Nicholas	Pr. I
Kray, Peter	H. S. IV
Kurz, Leola	H. S. II
LaGrange, Brenda	Int. IV
Langton, Raymond	Pr. II
Lardaro, Harold	H. S. P.
Lauer, Diane	H. S. II
Lee, Jack	H. S. II
Leibowitz, Yale	K.
Levin, Harwood	H. S. II
Levin, John	Int. III
Levin, Joseph	Int. III
Lieberman, Martin	H. S. III
Linsky, George	Pr. I
Lippman, Harold	Int. II
Lippman, Kenneth	H. S. P.
Lutz, Donald	H. S. IV
Lutz, Kenneth	H. S. P.
McCaffrey, Julianne	Int. III
McGovern, Wallis	Pr. II
Magdol, Michael	H. S. IA
Manfredonia, Jeanmarie	Int. III
Manning, Mary Jane	H. S. II
Martin, Brooke	Int. I
Masters, Pamela	Pr. III
Masters, Philip	H. S. IB
Masters, Stephen	Int. II
Mesler, Frederick	Int. III
Meyerson, Marlene	H. S. IV
Miles, Jeffrey	Pr. III
Miller, Britten	Pr. II
Miron, Kenneth	H. S. P.
Miron, Stephen	Int. I
Mishler, Alan	H. S. III
Moran, Joseph A.	H. S. IB
Moran, Monica	Int. III
Morse, Sally	H. S. IV
Morse, Tevis	H. S. IA
Moskowitz, Louis	H. S. III
Moss, Lois	H. S. IV
Muroff, Joan	Pr. I
Newhouse, Jane	H. S. IV

Odlum, Lynn	Int. II
O'Donnell, Brian	Pr. III
O'Donnell, John	Int. II
Ohl, Kathleen	H. S. III
Pallante, Gwen	Int. I
Palmer, Morgan	Pr. I
Pascal, Harold	H. S. III
Perera, Joan	Int. III
Peters, Paul	K.
Petersen, Birte	H. S. IA
Piana, Anthony	Int. IV
Pohlman, Calvin	H. S. III
Ramol, Norman	Int. III
Ray, Margaret	H. S. II
Redmond, Catherine	K.
Reis, Monica	H. S. II
Rieber, Eric	Int. II
Rieber, Roger	H. S. P.
Ringers, Hope	H. S. III
Rodell, Abby	H. S. II
Rose, Ann	H. S. P.
Rosenthal, Stephen	H. S. III
Ross, Caroline	Int. I
Roswick, Bruce	Pr. I
Ruden, Warren	Int. I
Ruden, Wynne	H. S. IV
Russo, Richard	Int. II
Salomon, Vera	H. S. III
Schafer, Otto	H. S. IB
Schimenti, Joan	H. S. IV
Schneider, Susan	Int. I
Schwarzkopf, Daniel	Pr. I
Scopp, Ann	Pr. II
Seibert, Edward	H. S. IV
Senehi, Jacqueline	Pr. II
Sergenian, Elyse	Int. IV
Sergenian, Miriam	Int. III
Shapkin, Barton	Pr. II
Shapkin, John	Int. II
Shapiro, Phyllis	H. S. III
Shulman, Rina	H. S. P.
Siegel, Joy	H. S. IV
Siegel, Kenneth	H. S. P.
Simidian, Dikran	H. S. II
Simon, Stella	H. S. III
Smirnow, J. Riley	Int. IV
Smirnow, Stephanie	H. S. P.
Smith, Barbara	Int. II
Smith, Georgine	H. S. IV
Snyder, Lois	Int. II
Snyderman, Marsha	Int. I
Sonnenschein, Sandra	H. S. II
Sparacio, Geraldine	H. S. IA
Sparer, Susan	H. S. P.
Spiegel, David	Pr. I
Stark, Susan	Int. IV
Stern, Suzanne	H. S. II
Stokes, Barbara	H. S. II
Stone, Dee	Int. I
Sukaskas, Joseph	Pr. I
Sullivan, Jane	Int. II
Sullivan, Phyllis	Pr. I
Taylor, Barbara	H. S. III
Toigo, Alfred	H. S. IV
Trump, Elizabeth	Int. I
Trump, Maryanne	H. S. II
Tsamisis, Anastasia	H. S. II
VanRanst, Elizabeth	Pr. I
VanRanst, Susan	Pr. II
Walker, Berta	Int. II
Walker, Harriet	Int. IV
Walker, Louise	Int. II
Warshaw, Iris	Pr. III
Wasson, Mary Alice	H. S. IV
Weingarden, Ann	H. S. II
Weiss, Joseph	Int. I
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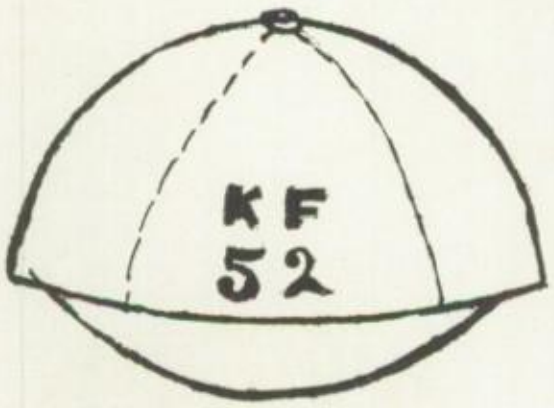

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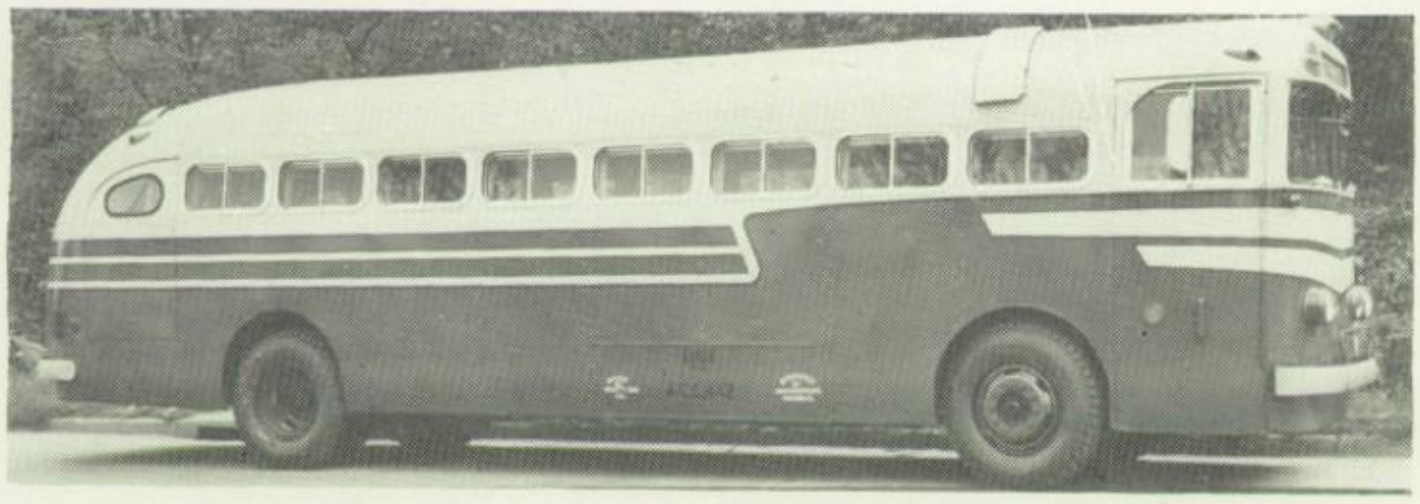

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Diane Haslett
(Good Luck)

Best Wishes
Berta x Joan
Walker Louise

Don't
at the
love make love
but the neighbors
ain't
Carolin Carmody
Love Jane

if all the boys were across
these what a good swimmer
Lynn Olsen would be
Love and best wishes
Eugenia Wilds

A had a little pussy,
She ate a ball of yarn.
And when she had kittens -
They all had sweaters on!
You certainly have been swell
all year, —
Love Stephanie

Dear Lynn,
You certainly have
the spirit of K. F. keep
it up and you
will become a great
~~athlete~~ athelete.
♡ Love,
Sandy

G.
I.
N. Best wishes
V. Marsha
4.
4.
R.
S.
I.
T.

Dear Lynn,
I love you too,
I love you big,
I love you like a
little pig.
Love Jeanie

Like Olsen Forest
I am last on your
list Good Luck
In
53

Love
Babs

Roses are red
violets are Blue
For Lyn Like Olsen

May 16, 1952

Dear Lynn,
To a wonderful
and courteous Blue
Let's all behave like
ladies and gentlemen at
all times even on K-F.
With Love and
"Red" To a Blue
Marcia Carter

To a good Blue
who should behave
once in a while
Best Wishes
through out the
years
Nikki

Best Wishes
For a good summer
& don't be a "bad" Girl
Good Luck
Susan Stark

Dear Lynn,
Keep up the
Fine work and keep
the 1st Blue Team
Good Luck.
Judy Barber.

I hope your life is like
a piano,
Straight, upright, and grand.
Judith Hitzig

To a future Blue Lt.
who should always
behave the way she
does in games and sports
Brenda and
Lt

Don't be
Don't be +
Just be
and you'll be loss
Best Wishes
Harriet Ballard

Dear Lynn,
Keep up the
good work for the
blue team
Love
Carol E.

Dear Lynn,
It certainly has been a wonderful year, hasn't it. You've been a good Blue. Keep it up!
Love, Janice

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
and so are you
love mary

Lynn Ellen Dunn
Lynn Ellen Dunn
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Lynn Ellen Dunn
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